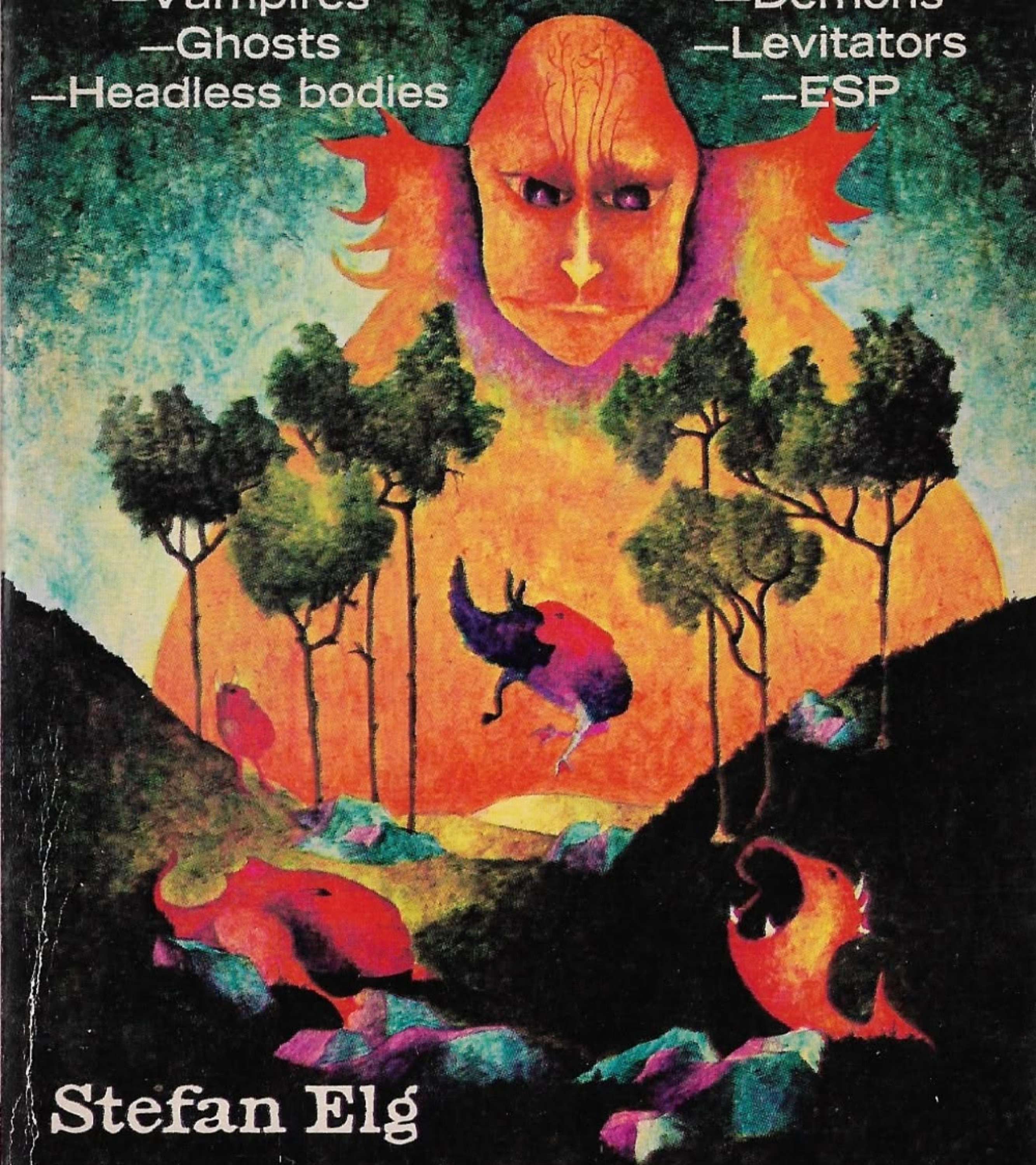


BEYOND BELIEF

Authentic case histories
of the supernatural—all
incredible but true.

—Vampires
—Ghosts
—Headless bodies

—Demons
—Levigators
—ESP



Stefan Elg

Light Of Her Life

The young woman was petrified. She had been followed relentlessly down the secluded path, and now she realized that it was too late to scream. No one would hear her.

Suddenly, she whirled to meet the oncoming figure. She gasped. It was utterly inhuman, although it walked erect like a man. Tall, covered with a shaggy, grayish fur, it had the head of a wolf. Its muzzle was open, revealing two rows of long, white fangs. Its eyes blazed fearfully as it approached, and it crouched to spring. Instinctively, she reached in her pocket for the only object that even remotely resembled a weapon—a flashlight. Brandishing it in the creature's face, she snapped on the beam. The thing stopped dead in its tracks, cringed, and covered its eyes with its paws. Then it disappeared completely.

This is only one of the amazing, supernatural phenomenon that beckon readers into the world beyond belief.

BEYOND

BELIEF

Stefan Elg

A Tower Book

BEYOND BELIEF

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CHAPTER ONE

Swedenborg

One of the most famous clairvoyants of all time was Emanuel Swedenborg. Born in 1688, Swedenborg had an excellent education, became proficient in the sciences of his day and specialized in engraving, glass grinding, drawing, and other arts. He learned astronomy and enough music to be deputized as an organist. A man of pragmatic and scientific leanings, Swedenborg made a great many practical mechanical inventions, some of which were rediscovered in modern times. His scientific training caused the King of Sweden to appoint him Assessor of the College of Mines in 1716. During the next few decades Swedenborg published a number of scientific works of great value and originality, and gained an excellent reputation in Sweden and Europe, generally as a scientist.

In 1743, Swedenborg recalls, the Lord "Opened my sight into the spiritual world, and enabled me to converse with spirits and angels . . ." For the remaining twenty-eight years of his life, Swedenborg did no more scientific work, but devoted himself entirely to

the theological and mystical studies for which he is principally famous. With Swedenborg's new insight into the "spiritual world" came a series of astounding paranormal perceptions. He was often noticed to be in a kind of trance from which he would awake and report incredible accounts of his "spiritual" experiences. There are numerous excellent examples of Swedenborg's psychic abilities, all of which are well documented.* I will recount a few of the events for which he is most renowned.

The first concerned Louisa Ulrica, Queen of Sweden (1720-1782), a woman considered to have unusual intellectual powers, who was a patron of the arts and sciences, who founded schools, museums, and libraries at her own expense. According to all reports, the Queen was a practical, shrewd woman, and nobody's fool.

General Christian Tuxen, a reliable contemporary witness, relates the events in a most dramatic account, after having spoken with Swedenborg himself.

Swedenborg told General Tuxen that the Senator, Count Scheffer, came one day to see him [Swedenborg] and asked him whether he would accompany him to the court next day; Swedenborg inquired why he proposed it. Count Scheffer replied that the Queen, a few days before, had received a letter from her sister, the Duchess of Brunswick, in which she mentioned a censure, or criticism she had read in the Göttingen gazette, about a man in Stockholm who pretended to

* It should be mentioned that only a small amount of the abundant evidence concerning the Queen of Sweden, the first in Stockholm and the Ambassador's lost receipt has been recorded here. The complete accounts may be found in *Documents Concerning the Life and Character of Emanuel Swedenborg*, ed. by R. L. Tafer, and *The Swedenborg Concordance*, ed. J. F. Dotts.

speak with the dead; and she wondered much that the Queen, in her letters to her, had never mentioned a word on that subject. The Queen then inquired of those present whether it was true that there was such a person, and whether he was not insane. To this Count Scheffer answered that he was far from being insane but was a sensible and learned man. The Queen expressed a wish to see him when Count Scheffer said that he was intimately acquainted with Swedenborg, and would propose it to him. The Count accordingly made Swedenborg promise to accompany him to court, which he did.

The King and Queen having arrived, they entered into conversation with the foreign ambassadors and other principal characters at court, and then approached Count Scheffer, who presented Swedenborg. The Queen expressed her satisfaction at seeing him, and asked him whether it was true that he could converse with the deceased.

He answered, "Yes."

"What is it, then?"

"A gift from the Lord."

"Can you, then, speak with every deceased, or only certain persons?"

He answered, "I cannot converse with all, but with such as I have known in this world; with all royal and princely persons, with all renowned heroes, or great and learned men, whom I have known, either personally or from their actions or writings; consequently, all of whom I could form an idea: for it may be supposed that a person whom I never knew, or of whom I could form no idea, I neither could nor would wish to speak with."

The Queen then asked him whether he would un-

dertake a commission to her lately deceased brother.

"With all my heart," he answered.

He followed the Queen, with the King and Count Scheffer, to a window in the apartment, where the Queen gave him his commission, to which he promised to bring her an answer. After this, he was invited to the royal table, where they put a thousand questions to him, which he answered truly. Some time afterwards, Count Scheffer paid him another visit and asked him whether he would accompany him to court again, to which he consented.

The Queen on seeing him, said, "Do not forget my commission."

He answered, "It is already done."

When he delivered her his message, she seemed extremely surprised, and became suddenly indisposed. Upon recovering herself, she said, "*This*, no mortal could have told me."

This case is of particular value since we have a report from the Queen herself on the events that took place! She relates that she had taken him [Swedenborg] aside when he came to her court one evening and begged him to learn from her deceased brother, the Prince Royal of Prussia, what he said to her the last time she saw him before going to Stockholm. What she asked was of such a nature as to render it impossible that the prince could have repeated it, as she herself had certainly never dreamed of speaking of it to anybody.

A few days after this request had been made of Swedenborg, he returned while the Queen was seated at cards and begged for a private audience. On this she replied that he could "speak before all." But Swedenborg declared that he could not disclose what he had

to say in the presence of witnesses. This reply disturbed her, but she gave her cards to another lady and asked the Senator von Schwerin (who was present when she related the story later) to accompany them. She placed the Senator on guard at the door. Then retiring into the furthest extremity of the apartment with Swedenborg, she reported he said to her, "Madam, you took your last leave of the Prince of Prussia, your august brother, at Charlottenburg, on such a day, at such an hour of the afternoon; while passing later through the long gallery of the castle of Charlottenburg you met him again; and then he took your hand and led you to such a window where only you could hear him and said to you these words . . ."

The Queen did not tell us what those words were, but she assured everyone that they were the very ones that her brother had spoken to her, and that she had certainly not forgotten them. She added that she had "almost fainted" at the moment Swedenborg recounted her brother's words to her.

Another instance of Swedenborg's clairvoyance has come down to us with equally good guarantees for its authenticity. The husband of Mme. de Marteville, who had been Dutch minister in Stockholm, died during the month of April, 1760. Some time afterward a goldsmith presented a bill in which he demanded payment for a silver service which he had furnished. The widow, who was not left with much money, remembered that the bill had been paid, although she could not find the receipt for it. As the goldsmith threatened to bring a lawsuit, and she was afraid that she would have to pay the sum, which was considerable, a second time, she resolved, as a last resort, to beg Swedenborg to ask her husband's spirit about this

receipt. She related all the circumstances to him faithfully, and some days afterward Swedenborg brought back the reply from her husband, that the receipt, together with some other important papers, was in a secret compartment in the writing-desk which he had formerly used. Upon searching for this secret compartment, she indeed discovered the missing receipt.

The well-known philosopher, Immanuel Kant, undertook intensive personal investigations into some of the claims made by and for Swedenborg. After giving a detailed account of his investigations he embellished the conclusion to the above related story with a few additional facts of interest:

"Swedenborg called, and in his cool way informed her that he had conversed with her husband. The debt had been paid seven months before his decease, and the receipt was in a bureau in the room upstairs. The lady replied that the bureau had been quite cleared out, and that the receipt was not found among the papers. Swedenborg said that her husband had described to him how, after pulling out the left-hand drawer, a board would appear which required to be drawn out, when a secret compartment would be disclosed . . . containing his private Dutch correspondence . . . as well as the receipt. Upon hearing this description the whole company rose and accompanied the lady into the room upstairs. The bureau was opened; they did as they were directed; the compartment was found (no one having known of it before); and . . . to the great astonishment of all, the papers were discovered there, in accordance with the description."

The authority stemming from these two accounts is quite convincing and weighs heavily in favor of the

existence of communication with the dead or, at least an incredibly accurate type of post-cognitive clairvoyance.

One of the most startling and well-attested cases of clairvoyance is also credited to Swedenborg. Again Kant gave a thorough account of this justly famous incident. "The following occurrence appears to me to have the greatest weight of proof, and to place the assertion respecting Swedenborg's extraordinary gift beyond all doubt. In the year 1756, towards the end of September, one Saturday, at four o'clock, Mr. William Castel invited him to his house, together with a party of fifteen persons. About six o'clock, Swedenborg went out [to the garden], and returned to the company quite pale and alarmed. He said that a dangerous fire had just broken out in Stockholm (Gothenburg, where Swedenborg was dining, is about 300 miles from Stockholm) and he added that it was spreading very fast. He was restless, and went out often. He said that the house of one of his friends, whom he named, was already in ashes, and that his own was in danger. At eight o'clock, after he had been out again, he joyfully exclaimed, 'Thank God! The fire is extinguished at the third door from my house.'

"This news occasioned great commotion throughout the whole city, but particularly amongst the company in which he was. It was announced to the Governor, the same evening. On Sunday, Swedenborg was summoned to the Governor, who questioned him concerning the disaster. Swedenborg described the fire precisely, how it had begun, and in what manner it had ceased, and how long it had continued. On the same day the news spread through the city, and, as the Governor had thought it worthy of attention, the

consternation was considerably increased; because many were in trouble on account of their friends and property, which could have been involved in the disaster. On Monday evening at Gottenburg arrived a messenger, who was dispatched by the Board of Trade during the time of the fire. In the letters brought by him, the fire was described precisely in the manner stated by Swedenborg. On Tuesday morning the royal courier arrived at the Governor's with the melancholy intelligence of the fire, and of the loss which it had occasioned, and of the houses it had damaged and ruined, not in the least differing from that which Swedenborg had given at the very time when it had happened; for the fire was extinguished at eight o'clock."

In this case we see that Swedenborg was not only able to be aware of events taking place at a distance of 300 miles, but was also able to keep the scene under observation for a considerable time.

Theodore Besterman relates another incident in which Swedenborg was, one evening, in company at Stockholm "when, after his information about the world of spirits had been heard with the greatest attention, they put him to the proof as to the credibility of his extraordinary spiritual communications. The test was this: he should state which of the company of their friends would die first. Swedenborg did not refuse to answer this question, but after some time, in which he appeared to be in profound and silent meditation, he quite openly replied: 'Olof Olofsohn will die tomorrow morning at forty-five minutes past four o'clock.'"

By this prediction, which was pronounced by Swe-

denborg with all confidence, the company became extremely nervous in anxious expectation. A gentleman, who was a friend of Olof Olofsohn, resolved to go on the following morning, at the time mentioned by Swedenborg, to the house of Olofsohn, to see whether Swedenborg's prediction would be fulfilled. On the way there he met the well-known servant of Olofsohn, who told him that his master had just then died; a fit of apoplexy had seized him, and had suddenly put an end to his life.

Another remarkable psychic event in the life of Swedenborg was the precognitive knowledge he had of John Wesley's desire to meet him. Wesley was a man whom he had never met or communicated with. But perhaps most extraordinary of all is the fact that Swedenborg was long aware of the date of his own approaching death.

John Wesley received a letter from Swedenborg dated in February, 1772, which read:

Great Bath-street, Coldbath Fields, February, 1772. "Sir: I have been informed in the world of spirits that you have a strong desire to converse with me. I shall be happy to see you, if you will favor me with a visit. I am sir.

Your humble servant,
Eman. Swedenborg."

Mr. Wesley frankly acknowledged to the company that he had been very strongly impressed with the desire to see and converse with Swedenborg, and that he had never mentioned that desire to anyone.

Mr. Wesley wrote for answer, that he was closely

occupied in preparing for a six months' journey, but would do himself the pleasure of waiting upon Mr. Swedenborg soon after his return to London.

Swedenborg wrote in reply, that the visit proposed by Mr. Wesley would be too late, as he, Swedenborg, should go into the world of spirits on the 29th day of the next month, never more to return. Swedenborg died on March 29, 1772.

CHAPTER TWO

The Famous and the Paranormal

Saint-Saens (1835-1921) wrote his first symphony at sixteen and it was successful. He was a great pianist, also organist nineteen years at the Church of the Madeleine in Paris. Two operas did not succeed, but then came *Samson and Delilah*, which is his masterpiece. Other operas were written by him, also a large number of compositions for organ, piano and orchestra, which show consummate mastery, if not genius. He was also distinguished as a musical critic and produced several books. Among his honors were LL.D. from Cambridge, Mus.D. from Oxford, and the Grand Cross Legion d'Honneur.

Saint-Saens wrote to his friend Flammarion the astronomer, rather vigorously combating the notion of there being a soul or a God. But his incredulous habit of mind did not prevent his having psychic experiences. The first incident which he cites may be one, really, of remarkable coincidence:

"When, for the first time, I made application as a candidate for the Academie des Beaux-Arts, I was

not nominated. This rather provoked me, and I told myself mentally, looking at the Egyptian lions that adorn, in such bizarre fashion, the facade of the Institute: 'I shall present myself again *when the lions turn around.*' Some time afterward *the lions were turned!*"

Professor Flammarion did not think it likely that the wholly unexpected event of the lions being turned to face the other way was mere coincidence. So he argues from the case:

"You are the most delightful of friends, the mightiest of musicians, the glory of the Institute, one of the profound thinkers of our era, but *you are not logical.* How could any collection whatsoever of chemical molecules beneath your skull have been able to 'secrete' this bizarre premonition? An *idea* cannot be produced by a material mechanism. Your mind saw an aspect of the future, without suspecting it."

But Saint-Saens testifies to other experiences of a psychic nature of which he has no doubt:

"I personally have known cases of telepathy, of prescience of future. I will cite some of them for you: In the far-off days when I lived in the upper part of the Faubourg Saint-Honore, I worked hard. When I was up to my ears in work, I suddenly thought of a lady of my acquaintance. Some moments afterward—the time it would take to pass through the courtyard and go up the stairs—someone rang: it was the lady of whom I had thought. The first few times I believed it chance; but the twentieth time! This phenomenon lasted several years.

"In my youth, a painter friend of mine showed me a picture he intended to submit for the annual Exposition. He had not yet exhibited his work, and did not know whether the picture would be accepted. Look-

ing at it, I saw it in the first room of the Palais de l'Industrie, in a certain place at the top of the stairs. On the day the Salon opened I went there, and saw the picture placed as I had foreseen."

If Saint-Saens could get momentary possession of a time-periscope so as to see exactly where a picture would hang, both as to room and precise place in the room, there seems to be no reason why he might not peek through it and see the reversed lions.

Johann Wolfgang von Goethe, the German genius of the eighteenth century, is still as highly thought of for his scientific abilities as for his poetry and novels. Yet, it is little known that he was deeply interested in parapsychology. Goethe personally experienced paranormal phenomena. One of the most interesting of these was a precognitive vision. He told of this incident of his own experience in *Wahrheit und Dichtung* "Truth and Poetry." At the time, Goethe was about twenty-two years of age and had just said farewell to Fredericka Brion, with whom he was in love:

"I now rode on horseback over the footpath to Drusenheim, when one of the strangest experiences befell me. Not with the eyes of the body, but with those of the spirit, I saw myself on horseback coming toward me on the same path dressed in a suit such as I had never worn, pale gray with some gold. As soon as I had shaken myself out of this reverie, the form vanished. It is strange, however, that I found myself once more (and that I then wore the suit I had dreamt of, and this not by design but by chance) eight years afterward on the same path returning to visit Fredericka.

"Be this as it may, the strange phantasm had a calming influence on my feelings in those moments following the parting."

It is to be noted that Goethe was in a different stratum or state of consciousness than his usual one when he had this vision, and had to 'shake' himself out of it. That is to say, he had the "mediumistic" temperament, and it is likely that if he had cultivated periods of passivity he would have had other experiences of the general sort to relate.

Robert Schumann (1810-1856) was a native of Saxony, and became one of the leading musical critics and composers of his time. He was for several years professor of composition in the conservatory of music founded by Mendelssohn in Leipzig, and from 1850 to 1853 he was musical director at Düsseldorf. He composed an opera, four symphonies, five overtures, other large choral and orchestral works, a large number of songs and piano compositions, etc. His position and significance in the history of German music are very important.

Schumann, in the year 1838, wrote to Clara Wieck, whom he was to marry two years afterward, who herself attained fame as a pianist, and who survived him by forty years:

"I must tell you a presentiment I have had; it haunted me from the 24th to the 27th of March, during which I was absorbed in my new compositions.

"There was a certain passage which obsessed me, and someone seemed to be repeating to me from the depths of his heart: *Ach Gott* (O, my God!) While composing I visualized funereal things, coffins, sorrowing faces . . . When I had finished, I sought for a

title. The only one which came to my mind was *Leichenphantasie* (Funeral Fantasy). Is this not extraordinary? I was so overcome that the tears came to my eyes; I truly did not know why; it was impossible to discover any cause for this sadness. Then came Thérèse's letter, and all was clear. Her sister-in-law had notified her that her [the sister-in-law's] brother had just died."

Schumann gave the title *Nachtstücke* (Nocturne) to that suite which originally he had wished to call *Leichenphantasie*.

Having been a student of both law and Roman Catholic theology, John Calvin (1509-1564), as early as his twenty-fourth year, was already reputed for his learning and was the head of the Reformation movement in France. Four years later he took up residence in Geneva and was identified with that city, where he helped to establish a theocratic government, the rest of his life. His system of church polity spread through Switzerland and into France and Scotland. In his celebrated *Institutes* he outlined a system of theology which for three centuries dominated a large part of Protestantism, and against which Methodism in particular was in revolt. Historically, Calvin ranks with Augustine as a theologian. He was a man of immense learning, intellect and industry.

Theodore Beza (1519-1605) was of French birth, became professor of Greek, first in Lausanne, then in Calvin's academy in Geneva. He was Calvin's supporter, and succeeded him as teacher of theology and leader of the Calvinist party.

It is Beza who relates the following incident:

"It affords us satisfaction to mention in this place a

circumstance which deserves to be stated. On the 19th of December [1562] which was the Sabbath, the north wind having been unusually high for two days, Calvin (although confined to bed by the gout) said, in the hearing of a number of friends, 'I know not indeed what it means. I thought I heard last night, a very loud sound of drums used in war, and I could not divest myself of the opinion that it was reality. I entreat you to pray, for some event of very great moment is undoubtedly taking place.' On this very day, the battle of Dreux, distinguished for its great cruelty, was fought, the news of which reached Geneva a few days after."

It could not have been unusual for Calvin to hear the wind blow. And even though we should concede, what would be a matter of mere conjecture, that the beating of war drums was an auditory illusion, it would not annul the fact that the illusion and oracular utterances of Calvin were vindicated by the news which several days later arrived. Nor will it be claimed in this instance that it was a case of auditory hyperaesthesia, since Dreux is more than 300 miles from Geneva.

Martin Luther (1483-1546) was, of course, one of the most forceful and significant figures in the history of Western civilization. Peasant, scholar, monk, consummate pulpit orator, fighter against papal abuses, finally supreme leader of the German religious reformation, enormously prolific writer, translator of the Bible into the vernacular of his people—he seems like a superman of boldness, energy and industry.

"He was a believer in not only the devil, but in devils everywhere seeking to ensnare men. What was

very likely an innocent ordinary experience of an apparition he interpreted to be the devil, threw his inkstand, ink and all, at the head of the figure which disappeared, as it would probably have done, devil or no devil. But he does not leave on record that the figure had horns. If it appeared, as probably it did, like an ordinary person, Luther was no less convinced that it was the devil, for did he not know that that personage could take on whatever form he pleased?

We would not give a rap for his opinions or interpretations about such things, but so far as he testifies to and describes facts of his experience he is entitled to be heard.

Here is his testimony, given in his *Table Talk*:

"When, in 1521, on my quitting Worms, I was taken prisoner near Eisenach, and conducted to my Patmos, the castle of Wartburg, I dwelt far apart from the world in my chamber, and no one could come to me but two youths, sons of noblemen, who waited on me with my meals twice a day. Among other things, they had brought me a bag of nuts, which I had put in a chest in my sitting-room. One evening, after I had retired to my chamber, which adjoined the sitting-room, had put out the light and got into bed, it seemed to me all at once that the nuts had put themselves in motion; and jumping about in the sack, and knocking violently against each other, came to the side of my bed to make noises at me. However, this did not harm me, and I went to sleep. By and by I was wakened up by a great noise on the stairs, which sounded as though somebody was tumbling down them a hundred barrels, one after another. Yet I knew very well that the door at the bottom of the stairs was fastened with chains, and that the door itself was of iron, so that no

one could enter. I rose immediately to see what it was, exclaiming, 'Is it thou? Well, be it so! (meaning the devil) and I recommended myself to our Lord Jesus Christ, and returned to bed. The wife of John Berblibs came to Eisenach. She suspected where I was, and insisted upon seeing me; but the thing was impossible. To satisfy her, they removed me to another part of the castle, and allowed her to sleep in the apartment I had occupied. In the night she heard such an uproar, that she thought there were a thousand devils in the place."

Luther went on to say:

"Once, in our monastery at Wittenberg, I distinctly heard the devil making a noise. I was beginning to read the Psalms, after having celebrated matins, when, interrupting my studies, the devil came into my cell, and there made a noise behind the stove, just as though he was dragging some wooden measure along the floor. As I found that he was going to begin again, I gathered together my books and got into bed. . . . Another time in the night, I heard him above my cell, walking in the cloister, but as I knew it was the devil, I paid no attention to him and went to sleep."

Harry Kellar (1849-1922?) was one of the most skillful and noted conjurors of the last century. At the age of eighteen he was 'business manager' for the famous Davenport Brothers, who posed as spirit mediums; was then partner with William Fay (who also had worked with the Davenports and used their trick rope-tie) in a trip through Mexico and South America; in Africa, Australia and several countries of Asia he was next associated with Ling Look and Yamadeva; then with Cunard, he gave entertainments for five

years in Asiatic lands; finally performing mostly in America. "Dean" was a title of honor conferred upon him by the magical fraternity. The following incidents were related by Kellar himself at the Marlborough-Blenheim, Atlantic City, in June 1908, and he repeated portions of it in 1917 at the Society of American Magicians' dinner.

Ling Look, one of the best of contemporary fire performers, was with Dean Kellar when the latter made his famous trip around the world in 1877. Look combined fire-eating and sword-swallowing of a rather startling manner. His best effect was the swallowing of a red-hot sword. Another thriller consisted in fastening a long sword to the stock of a musket; when he had swallowed about half the length of the blade, he discharged the gun and the recoil drove the sword suddenly down his throat to the very hilt. Although Look always appeared in a Chinese makeup Dean Kellar remarked that he thought his right name was Dave Dueter, and that he was born in Budapest.

Yamadeva, a brother of Ling Look, was also with the Kellar Company, doing cabinet manifestations and rope escapes. Both brothers died in China during this engagement, and a strange incident occurred in connection with their deaths. Just before they were to sail from Shanghai on the steamer *Khiva* for Hong Kong, Yamadeva and Kellar visited the bowling alley of The Hermitage, a pleasure resort on the Bubbling Well Road. They were watching a husky sea captain, who was using a huge ball and making a 'double spare' at every roll, when Yamadeva suddenly remarked, "I can handle one as heavy as that big loafer can." Suiting the action to the word, he seized one of the largest balls and drove it down the alley with all

his might; but he had misjudged his own strength, and he paid for the foolhardy act with his life, for he had no sooner delivered the ball than he grasped his side and moaned with pain. He had hardly sufficient strength to get back to the ship, where he went immediately to bed and died shortly afterward. An examination showed that he had ruptured an artery.

Kellar and Ling Look had much difficulty in persuading the captain to take the body to Hong Kong, but he finally consented. On the way down the Yang Tse Kiang River, Look was greatly depressed; but all at once he became strangely excited, and said that his brother was not dead, for he had just heard the peculiar whistle with which they had always called each other. The whistle was several times repeated, and was heard by all on board. Finally the captain, convinced that something was wrong, had the lid removed from the coffin, but the body of Yamadeva gave no indication of life, and all save Ling Look decided that they must have been mistaken.

Poor Ling Look, however, sobbingly said to Kellar, "I shall never leave Hong Kong alive. My brother has called me to join him." This prediction was fulfilled, for shortly after their arrival in Hong Kong he underwent an operation for a liver trouble, and died under the knife. The brothers were buried in Happy Valley, Hong Kong, in the year 1877.

Since Kellar was, in general, very skeptical regarding the purported occult, and was impressed by this incident because he was a participator therein, he probably did not exaggerate the facts. Of course, it is open to conjecture whether the 'whistle' may not have had some normal source, and one would suppose that Kellar was just the man to investigate that theory.

At any rate, Yamadeva's premonitory feeling, based on the whistle, that he was speedily to die, was justified, nor was his death from auto-suggestion, since he died of an operation for liver trouble.

We get the story immediately through Houdini, who says that he heard it twice, in whole and part from Kellar's lips. Since Houdini was, in general, of the most pronounced skeptical type, it is doubtful if he, either, exaggerated, or that anything else than his profound respect for Kellar would have induced him to put the incident on record. From *Who's Who in America*, 1907 edition is the following record: "Ling Look and Yamadura died in China, 1877."

General Andoche Junot, Duc d'Abrantes (1771-1813), was a native of Busay-le-Grand, France. He was Napoleon's secretary at the siege of Toulon, his aide-de-camp in Italy, receiving a wound in the head from which he never fully recovered, and which disposed him to rashness. As a brigadier general in Egypt he distinguished himself. Afterward commandant of Paris, then promoted to be general of a division, he again distinguished himself at Austerlitz. He headed the army of invasion in Portugal, from which Wellesley drove him. He afterwards served in the campaigns in Spain and Russia. Several times he was put by Napoleon in administrative positions, but in them manifested an extravagant and erratic nature. While governor of Illyria he threw himself from a window in a fit of insanity.

Duchess of Abrantes, the witness in this case, was probably more responsible for her husband's financial extravagances and indulgences in display than he was himself. Napoleon gave her 100,000 francs when she

married General Junot, and a like sum, with a house, when her first child was born. After her husband's death Napoleon forbade her to return to Paris, but she ignored the order, opened her house and attracted to it most of the celebrities of the period. After the empire fell, her fortune gone, she devoted herself to literature, and her fiction, memoirs and various articles had a large vogue. This is her statement:

"It was in the night of July 22-23, 1813. I was sleeping badly, as one sleeps when feverish, when I was seized by a sensation at once entirely unknown to me and afflicting.

"I roused, and I distinctly saw, near my bed, Junot clothed, in the same gray suit which he wore the day of his departure for Illyria, looking at me with a sweet and melancholy expression. I screamed loudly, which woke Blanche (my head chambermaid; she is still living) and Mme. Thomières, who immediately threw herself out of bed and came to me, asking what was the trouble. Alas! I still continued to see that terrifying apparition, for the face of Junot was pale and profoundly sad; it seemed as though already we must be separated here below! But the most fearful thing for me was to see the apparition walk around my bed and yet—O God! one of his legs was broken. In short, I was seeing, by intense revelation, the condition in which Junot actually was, whereas no news of the accident had or could have reached me, for it happened at that moment. Later, my brother hesitated long before he told me the truth, for he feared for my life, considering my situation at the time.

"'Light my chamber!' I cried in my constantly-increasing fright. 'Give me all the air you can, especially all the light you can!' and my eye followed the

apparition continually visible, which now came near me and now retired to a shadowy corner of the room while signalling to me to go to it. The sight made me believe, at certain moments, that I was dying, and there broke from my chest a long, hollow cry that seemed like an appeal to Death. It was not until toward morning that the apparition slowly faded, and became like an almost invisible mist. I do not explain this phenomenon; I only relate it as it took place.

"When on July 30, Albert on his return to Secheron, told Mme. Thomières about the terrible catastrophe which had preceded the death of the Duke, she was unable to repress a cry of astonishment, and she related to him what had happened to me.

"Even to this day I am not able to banish the conviction that there was present a direct relation between two souls, bound by so many ties that they formed but one soul. I believe this and believe it resolutely. The mysteries of Providence are too profound for our eyes to fathom them."

We need not put any valuation on the Duchess' theory, except as it witnesses to the extent she had pondered over her remarkable experience. It is too much to ask, that in her period she should have thought of getting the signed testimonies of witnesses; one at least, the maid, Blanche, and very likely others, were living when her *Memoires* were published. But she names several of them, making it certain that they or their surviving relatives and intimates would be interrogated by readers curious to know more particulars. Even if we assume that the Duchess was so lacking in heart and taste as to invent such a tale connected with the tragedy of her husband's death, she maintained too large a household and lived too much

in the glare of publicity to have done so without the sequence of denials ringing through France.

General Junot, after several reverses of fortune, including loss of Napoleon's favor, threw himself from a window, breaking his leg and died a few days later, on July 29, 1813.

Percy Bysshe Shelley (1792-1822) has been called "the supreme poet of the new era which, beginning with the French Revolution, remains continuous into our own day." The Shelleys, in the spring of 1822, took up residence on the shore of the Bay of Spezzia. One night, loud cries were heard issuing from the saloon. The Williamses rushed out of their room in alarm. Mrs. Shelley also endeavored to reach the spot but fainted at the door. Entering the saloon, the Williamses found Shelley staring horribly into the air and evidently in a trance. They waked him and he related that a figure wrapped in a mantle came to his bedside and beckoned him. He must have risen in his sleep, for he followed the imaginary figure into the saloon, when it lifted the hood of its mantle, ejaculated "*Siete sodis fatto?*" (Are you satisfied?) and vanished.

Again, on May 6, one evening, he was looking from his terrace down at the surf, cried out, recovered after some time, and declared that he saw, as plainly as he then saw the person he spoke of the event to, a naked child (Byron's daughter Allegra who had recently died) rise from the sea and clasp its hands as in joy, smiling at him.

The psychoanalyst may find a symbol of some complex in the "nightmare," and imagination plus sympathy with Byron may have furnished the "crystal" for a scryer's vision. But it is a fact that not long after

the vision or fearfully vivid dream of the beckoning figure in that house by the Bay of Spezzia, and only two months after the vivid impression of seeing a joyous child who had recently died rising from the sea, Shelley was drowned in that same bay.

Samuel Clemens was perhaps the greatest humorist-writer of the latter part of the nineteenth century. Writing as "Mark Twain," he produced a stream of books which made him famous. But, like most humorists, he had a great capacity for serious reflection and, as early as 1880, wrote an article entitled "Mental Telepathy," in which he recounts his own telepathic experiences. From 1886 to 1903, he was a member of the Society for Psychical Research, and while he might not have been considered a critical or experienced observer of psychical phenomena, the personal testimony given to his biographer, Albert B. Paine, should not be faulted. There is every reason for accepting such personal and obviously painful testimony:

"Henry Clemens was about twenty at this time, a handsome, attractive boy of whom his brother was lavishly fond and proud. He did go on the next trip and continued to go regularly after that, as third clerk in line of promotion. It was a bright spot in those hard days with Brown to have Henry along. The boys spent a good deal of their leisure with the other pilot, George Ealer, who 'was as kind-hearted as Brown wasn't,' and quoted Shakespeare and Goldsmith, and played the flute to his fascinated and inspiring audience. These were things worth while. The young steersman could not guess that the shadow of a long sorrow was even then stretching across the path ahead.

"Yet in due time he received a warning, a remarkable and impressive warning, though of a kind seldom heeded. One night when the *Pennsylvania* lay in St. Louis, he slept at his sister's house and had this vivid dream:

"He saw Henry, a corpse, lying in a metallic burial case in the sitting-room, supported on two chairs. On his breast lay a bouquet of flowers, white, with a single crimson bloom in the center.

"When he awoke, it was morning, but the dream was so vivid that he believed it real. Perhaps something of the old hypnotic condition was upon him, but he rose and dressed, thinking he would go in and look at his dead brother. Instead, he went out on the street in the early morning and had walked to the middle of the block before it suddenly flashed upon him that it was only a dream. He bounded back, rushed to the sitting room and felt a great trembling revulsion of joy when he found it really empty. He told Pamela the dream, then put it out of his mind as quickly as he could . . .

"Brown swore that he would leave the boat at New Orleans if Sam Clemens remained on it, and Captain Klinefelter told Brown to go. Then when another pilot could not be obtained to fill his place, the captain offered to let Clemens himself run the daylight watches, thus showing his confidence in the knowledge of the young steersman, who had been only a little more than a year at the wheel. But Clemens himself had less confidence and advised the captain to keep Brown back to St. Louis. He would follow up the river by another boat and resume his place as steersman when Brown was gone. Without knowing it he may have saved his life by the decision.

"It is doubtful if he remembered his recent disturbing dream, though some foreboding would seem to have clung over him the night before the *Pennsylvania* sailed. Henry liked to join in the night watches on the levee when he had finished his duties, and the brothers often walked the round chatting together. On this particular night the elder spoke of disaster on the river. Finally he said: 'In case of accident, whatever you do, don't lose your head—the passengers will do that. Rush for the hurricane deck and to the lifeboat, and obey the mate's orders. When the boat is launched, help the women and children into it. Don't get in yourself. The river is only a mile wide. You can swim ashore easily enough.'

"It was good, manly advice but it yielded a long harvest of sorrow.

"Captain Klinefelter obtained his steersman a pass on the *A. T. Lacey*, which left two days behind the *Pennsylvania*. This was pleasant, for Bart Bowen had become captain of that boat. The *Lacey* touched at Greenville, Mississippi, and a voice from the landing shouted: 'The *Pennsylvania* is blown up just below Memphis, at Ship Island. One hundred and fifty lives lost!'

"Nothing further could be learned there, but that evening at Napoleon, a Memphis extra reported some of the particulars. Henry Clemens' name was mentioned as one of those who had escaped injury. Still farther up the river they got a later extra. Henry was again mentioned: this time as being scalded beyond recovery. By the time they reached Memphis they knew most of the details: At six o'clock that warm mid-June morning, while loading wood from a large flat-boat sixty miles below Memphis, four out of eight of the

Pennsylvania's boilers had exploded suddenly with fearful results. All the forward end of the boat had been blow out. Many persons had been killed outright; many more had been scalded and crippled and would die. It was one of those hopeless, wholesale steamboat slaughters which for more than a generation had made the Mississippi a river of death and tears.

"He saw the boy taken to the dead room, then the long strain of grief, the days and nights without sleep, the ghastly realization of the end overcame him. A citizen of Memphis took him away in a kind of daze and gave him a bed in his house, where he fell into stupor of fatigue and surrender. It was many hours before he woke; when he did, at last, he dressed and went to where Henry lay. The coffins provided for the dead were of unpainted wood, but the youth and striking face of Henry Clemens had aroused a special interest. The ladies of Memphis had made up a fund of sixty dollars and bought for him a metallic case. Samuel Clemens, entering, saw his brother lying exactly as he had seen him in his dream, lacking only the bouquet of white flowers with its crimson center—a detail made complete while he stood there, for at that moment an elderly lady came in with a large white bouquet and in the center of it was a single red rose."

William James, the noted psychologist-philosopher reported an apparent case of "astral" projection.

A certain Harvard professor shielded himself from the deep disgrace of having successfully performed a curious but very important scientific experiment, by requiring William James (who, although a psychologist of great reputation and equally a Harvard profes-

sor, was not at all embarrassed at having his interest in psychic research known) to withhold his name.

We do not know who the narrator was, but have the assurance of William James that he was "an able and respected professor in Harvard University" also that he told James the story soon after the thing happened, and that the version which was finally written out tallied exactly with James' recollection of the earlier oral one. It is unfortunate that the testimony of "A" and "B" was not available, of course, but the testimony of a man in a high academic position, a man vouched for by William James, is worth something:

"In the present case the "agent" is a colleague of mine; an able and respected professor in Harvard University. He originally told me the story shortly after it happened in 18(97). The present account, written at my request in 1903, tallies exactly with my memory of that earlier story. "A" at that time was unwilling to give me her version. She is now dead, and of course the narrative is in so far defective.

Cambridge, April 16, 1903.

"My Dear Dr. James:

I recall exactly all the details of the matter which you wish me to write about, but I cannot be sure whether the thing occurred in the latter part of 1883 or the first part of 1884. At this time A and I were seeing each other very frequently, and we were interested, among other things, in that book by Sinnett on *Esoteric Buddhism*. We talked a good deal about it, and about the astral body, but neither ever made any proposal to the other to try any experiments in that line.

"One evening, about 9:45 o'clock, or, perhaps,

nearer 10, when I had been thinking over that subject as I sat alone in my room, I resolved to try whether I could project my astral body to the presence of A. I did not at all know what the process was, but I opened my window, which looked toward A's house (though that was half a mile away and behind a hill) and sat down in a chair and tried as hard as I could to wish myself into the presence of A. There was no light in my room. I sat there in that state of wishing for about ten minutes. Nothing abnormal in the way of feelings happened to me.

"Next day I met A, who said something to this effect. (I mean that I cannot give the exact words.)

"Last night about ten o'clock I was in the dining-room at supper with B. Suddenly I thought I saw you looking in through the crack of the door at the end of the room, towards which I was looking. I said to B: 'There is Black, looking through the crack of the door!' B., whose back was towards the door, said: 'He can't be there; he would come right in.' However, I got up and looked in the outer room, but there was nobody there. Now, what were you doing last night at that time?"

"This is what A told me and I then explained what I had been doing.

"You see, of course, that the double evidence (I mean, A's and B's) might make this story pretty well founded, but it must be left entirely independent on my account, for there are good reasons why neither A nor B can be appealed to."

CHAPTER THREE

Levitation

According to an uninterrupted tradition that is general to all civilizations, the human body is capable of being raised from the ground and remaining suspended in the air without any visible prop. This phenomenon has been witnessed so often and is so widespread that it deserves inclusion in any study of paranormal phenomena. The word "levitation" often means both the uplifting of the human body and of any inanimate object above the earth. Levitation is most often associated with saints, mystics, or religious ecstasies of some sort. This phenomenon is normally called "Auto-levitation," and the power used seems to be solely dependent on the power of the person being levitated or some extra-terrestrial force that works through that individual.

Sometimes the lifting up of the body is supposed to be dependent, not on a particular power or on the assistance of a guardian spirit, but attributed to a malignant spirit who possesses or obsesses the levitated person.

One case of levitation that was ascribed to demonolatry is described by Sulpitius Severus, observing when St. Martin approached a possessed person, that the "demoniac raised from the earth and remained suspended in the air, with his arms stretched out, without touching the ground with his feet . . . You could see the wretched person whirled about in different ways: uplifted and floated in the air with feet upwards, neither did clothes hang down on the face or uncover their bodies in any immodest way."

Innumerable similar quotations might be drawn from the abundant literature describing this phenomenon. It has been reported in the Life of St. Genevieve, and in that of St. Vincent Ferrer, that demoniacs brought to their presence remained suspended in the air or began flying about.

The levitations of a possessed girl of Louviers, Françoise Fontaine, exorcised in 1591, were recorded in an official report, the original of which is in the Bibliotheque Nationale of Paris. The report reads: "And having entered the said court, the door of which is under the porch and in the passage of the said prison, the said Françoise walked but six paces into the said court, and we together with our clerk entered the office where the judge's chair is and the sitting is held, and, as our clerk was beginning to write the present report that we were dictating to him, he cried out and showed us the said Françoise, who was near the door of the said court, whom we all saw raised about two feet off the floor, upright, and at once she fell down on the ground, flat on her back, with her arms spread out crosswise, and afterwards she was dragged, with her head foremost, still on her back, along the said court, without anybody touching her or standing near

her, as witnessed the said La Prime, gaoler, the said Nicolas Pellet, servant of the said gaoler, his wife and several prisoners who came into the said court, a thing which amazed us much."

At another moment, as the Provost read the *Gospel of St. John* to her as an exorcism, the possessed girl, who was stretched on her back on the floor, was raised three or four feet above the ground, and thus carried horizontally towards the exorcist, who was so terrified that he fled into his office. This is how the scene is told in the report: ". . . as we continued to read the said *Gospel* (of St. John), the body of the said Françoise, who was then lying on the ground, with her face upwards and her arms stretched out crosswise, began to crawl along, head foremost, all disheveled and bristly, and all at once the body of Françoise was raised off the floor, three or four feet high, and borne horizontally, face upwards, along the court, without anything to support her. When we saw the said body making straight for us, thus suspended in midair, it threw us into such a fright that we withdrew into the office of the court, locking the door behind us and reading the said *Gospel of St. John* down to the end. But the said body kept following us through the air up to the office, against the door of which it struck with the soles of its feet, and then was carried back through the air, with the face upwards and head foremost, out of the court. This gave such a fright to the gaoler, her servants, our archers and many prisoners who were present with several inhabitants of Louviers, that they fled, some into the prison, some into the street, after shutting the doors behind them; and the body of said Françoise was carried away out of the court and remained in the pas-

sage of the said prison, between the door of it and the street-door which the fugitives had shut in their flight. We considered this with great astonishment, till one Desjardins and other prisoners opened the door of the prison and said they would help us, which enabled us to get out of the said office and court, having thus found the said François lying on the ground, close to the said prison door."

Later on, as the curé Pellet wanted to give her the Sacrament, Françoise was raised again several times, and even carried away with her head downwards through the church. "... And the said Françoise, kneeling down had been most alarmingly carried away, without being able to take the Sacrament, opening her mouth, rolling her eyes in her head in such a horrible way that it had been necessary, with the help of five or six persons, to pull her down by her dress as she was raised into the air, and they had thrown her down on the floor. . . . Then the said cure had presented the Holy Host again to the said Françoise, who had knelt down: but she was again snatched off the floor, higher than the altar, as if she had been taken by the hair, in such a strange way that the bystanders were much amazed, and would never have thought of witnessing so frightful a thing, and they all knelt down and began saying prayers. . . ."

At a new attempt of curé Pellet to give her Communion, "she had been for the third time prevented from taking it, having been for the third time carried over a large bench that was before the altar where Mass was said, and lifted up into the air towards where a glass had been broken, with her head downwards and her feet upwards, without her clothes being upset, through which, before and behind, was belching forth

much water and stinking smoke, and she was then tormented more frightfully than before . . . and for some time thus carried through the air, till at last seven or eight men had taken hold of her and brought her down to the ground."

Religious rapture is, however, a more common cause for levitation than diabolic possession. To the great catalog of saints in the history of the church, a sacred image, a blade of grass, the leaf of a cherry tree, anything that served to remind the holy of God, was often enough to cause levitation and ecstatic flights.

Among the numerous levitating saints, St. Joseph of Copertino deserves a place of his own. In the acts of his canonization there are more than seventy well attested cases of rapture with levitation. No saint can be compared with Joseph in this respect. Born in the year of Queen Elizabeth's death, he was a slow learner in school and made little progress in worldly things. Even after his admission into the Capuchin Monastery of Martina in 1620, he showed no aptitude for even the simplest of tasks, yet his piety and extreme good-will were so manifest that he was permitted to take his vows and was eventually admitted to the priesthood. Because of his piety his fame spread, and Joseph was called before the Inquisition of Naples accused of false miracles. He was acquitted and returned to his not-so-quiet life in the monastery. Joseph's levitations began early in his priestly career, and documented cases run the gamut of humanity, from simple, awestruck shepherds to numerous famous and highly placed officials, as well as to Pope Urban VIII himself.

Among the most remarkable ecstatic flights Joseph performed was one witnessed by the High Admiral of

Castile. The High Admiral was Spanish Ambassador to the Papal Court, and passed through Assisi in 1645 with his wife, intending to visit the by then famous Joseph. After having spoken with Joseph, the Ambassador conveyed his wife's wish to meet him. At her request, Joseph was ordered to go into the church and speak with the lady. Scarcely had he entered the church when he flew into the air over the heads of the bystanders toward the statue of the Immaculate Conception, twelve paces away, alighted on the foot of the statue, prayed some moments there, and flew back, with a great cry, to his former place, from where he returned instantly to his cell. The Admiral, his wife and their complete retinue were quite amazed. "Stupefied" would be a more suitable description as far as the lady is concerned, for according to the acts of Joseph's canonization, she actually fainted, and required smelling salts to recover her senses.

One of the last levitations of Joseph—which is also one of the most curious and best described—though very rarely mentioned, is the one he experienced in the course of a surgical operation. This is the testimony of the surgeon, Francesco Perpaoli, who witnessed the phenomenon: "During the last illness of Father Joseph, I had to cauterize his right leg by order of Dr. Giacinto Carosi. Father Joseph was sitting on a chair with his leg laid on my knee. I had already begun cauterizing, when I noticed that Father Joseph was rapt out of his sense; his arms were outspread, his eyes open and lifted to heaven. His mouth was wide open, his breathing had nearly stopped. I noticed that he was raised about a palm over the said chair, in the same position as before the rapture. I tried to lower his leg down, but I could not; it remained

stretched out. A fly had alighted on the ball of his eye; in spite of my repeated efforts, I was unable to drive it away, as it kept flying back to the same place. In order to observe Father Joseph better, I knelt down. The above mentioned doctor was examining him with me. Both of us ascertained and undoubtedly that Father Joseph was rapt in ecstasy and actually suspended in mid-air, as I have already said. He had been a quarter of an hour in this situation, when Father Silvestro Evangelista of the monastery of Osimo came up. He observed the phenomenon for some time, and commanded Joseph under obedience to come to himself, and called him by name. Joseph then smiled and recovered his sense."

Several times Joseph managed to lift another person up into the air in his flight. This occurred the first time in the church of St. Clare at Copertino on the occasion of the clothing of some nuns. Joseph was at the ceremony in a corner of the church, where he was kneeling. As soon as he heard the antiphon, "Come, thou bride of Christ," intoned by the choir, he was seized with ecstatic jubilation, rushed towards the confessor of the convent, grasped him by the hand, snatched him off the floor, and began whirling round with him in mid-air.

He also lifted in the air a lunatic who had been brought to the monastery of Assisi for Joseph to cure. This lunatic was a noble citizen of Assisi named Balthasar Rossi. He was carried to the saint bound to a chair, for he was dangerous and used to assault people, saying they were mad. Joseph ordered the man to be set free, made him kneel down in his oratory, and laying his hand on his head, said: "Do not fear, Chevalier Balthasar; commend yourself to God and

His Holy Mother." With these words, he clutched the poor man by the hair, uttered his usual ecstatic cry, and was raised off the floor with Balthasar firmly in his hand, whom he held for a time in mid-air to the amazement of the bystanders. Then, after a quarter of an hour, he sank to earth again and dismissed the nobleman with the words, "Now, cheer up, Chevalier!"

St. Teresa of Avila, the famous reformer of the Carmelite Order, offers one of the first and best personal testimonies about levitation. Her observations are consequently of particular value. I include a part of her testimony explaining the sensations experienced while levitating and in ecstasy and the difference between 'Union' and 'Rapture.'

"During rapture, the soul does not seem to animate the body . . . A rapture is absolutely irresistible, whilst Union, inasmuch as we are still as on our own ground, may be hindered, though that resistance be painful and violent; it is, however, almost always impossible. But rapture, for the most part, is irresistible. It comes, in general, as a shock, quick and sharp, before you can collect your thoughts or help yourself in any way, and you see and feel it as a cloud or a strong eagle rising upwards and carrying you away on its wings.

"I repeat it; you feel and see yourself carried away, you know not whither. For though we feel how delicious it is, yet the weakness of our nature makes us afraid at first, and we require a much more resolute and courageous spirit than in the previous states, in order to risk everything, come what may, and to abandon ourselves into the hands of God, and to go willingly whither we are carried, seeing that we must

be carried away, however painful it may be. And so trying is it, that I would very often resist and exert all my strength, particularly at those times when the rapture was coming upon me in public. I did so, too, very often when I was alone, because I was afraid of delusions. Occasionally I was able by great efforts, to make a slight resistance; but afterwards I was worn out, like a person who had been contending with a strong giant; at other times it was impossible to resist at all: my soul was carried away, and almost always my head with it—and now and then the whole body as well, so that it was lifted up from the ground.

"This has not happened to me often: once, however, it took place when we were all together in Choir, and I, on my knees, on the point of communicating. It was a very sore distress to me; for I thought it a most extraordinary thing, and was afraid it would occasion much talk; so I commanded the nuns—for it happened after I was made Prioress—never to speak of it. But at other times, the moment that I felt that our Lord was about to repeat the act, and once, in particular, during a sermon—it was the feast of our house, some great ladies being present—I threw myself on the ground; then the nuns came around to hold me; but still the rapture was observed.

"I made many supplications to our Lord, that he would be pleased to give me no more of those graces that were outwardly visible; for I was weary of living under such great restraint, and because his Majesty could not bestow such graces on me without their becoming known. It seems that, in his goodness, he has been pleased to hear my prayer; for I have never been enraptured since. It is true that it was not long ago.

"It seemed to me, when I tried to make some resistance, as if a great force beneath my feet lifted me up. I know of nothing with which to compare it; for it is a great struggle, and of little use, whenever our Lord so wills it. There is no power against his power . . .

"I confess that it threw me into great fear, very great indeed at first; for when I saw my body lifted up from the earth, how could I help it? Though the spirit draws it upwards after itself, and that with great sweetness, if unresisted, the senses are not lost; at least, I was so much myself as to be able to see that I was being lifted up.

"When the rapture was over, my body seemed frequently to be buoyant, as if all weight had departed from it; so much so that now and then I scarcely knew that my feet touched the ground."

One of the most famous levitations of the Saint is that which she experienced during a conversation with St. John of the Cross, who had come to the convent of the Incarnation to visit her. Teresa was listening to John, speaking about the Trinity, through the grate of the parlour, when he was rapt in ecstasy and rose from the floor, lifting up his seat along with him into the air. St. Teresa, who was kneeling, was also lifted up above the ground. Sister Beatrice of Jesus, daughter of Francis Alvarez, a first cousin of the Saint, happened to enter the parlour, and witnessed the strange sight. The scene was commemorated by a picture representing it, which was placed in the parlour with an inscription recalling the event.

Another eye-witness account of St. Teresa's levitations was provided by Sister Anne of the Incarnation who made her deposition under oath, no more

than thirty years after the Saint's death, at an inquiry held at Segovia. Her testimony runs similar to that of most other accounts of levitation:

"On another occasion, between one and two o'clock in the daytime, I was in the choir waiting for the bell to ring, when our Holy Mother entered and knelt down for perhaps the half of a quarter of an hour. As I was looking on, she was raised about half a yard from the ground without her feet touching it. At this I was terrified, and she, for her part, was trembling all over. So I moved to where she was, and I put my hands under her feet, over which I remained weeping for something like half an hour while the ecstasy lasted. Then suddenly she sank down and rested on her feet, and turning her head round to me, she asked me who I was, and ordered me under obedience to say nothing of what I had seen, and I have, in fact, said nothing until the present moment."

CHAPTER FOUR

Mollie Fancher's Anguish

Modern research into psychosomatic illness clearly indicates the great extremes of control the mind is able to exercise over the body. It has almost become a cliché for us to say that we bring our accidents upon ourselves. If someone trips and falls, it is likely that you will hear someone say that person is "self-destructive." We are surely an age that is psychologically oriented, but while much of the standard psychological jargon probably has some truth in it—like any other hypothesis or new science—there are great gaps in our understanding. This is especially true about the mind and its effect on the body. In extreme cases, such as the one following, to postulate that the pain and illness caused is self-inflicted, is logically as far-fetched as to attribute the phenomena to spirit agency.

It is also an ancient axiom that those who suffer—and bear it well—achieve greatness of soul and the blessings of the spirit. When there is this temporary suspension of normal powers of the body through

deprivation, sickness, or self-inflicted discipline such as yoga teaches, there is supposed to occur an exaltation of the spirit, and in some cases—as with Mollie Fancher—the apparent substitution of a foreign intelligence for that of the sick individual.

The heightened psychic capability of Miss Fancher is not an unfamiliar phenomenon in psychical research. While it is almost impossible to document and verify such cases, it is equally impossible not to give some credence to similar cases one hears of in such abundance.

Mollie Fancher did not "profit" materially from the strange powers that developed as a consequence of her sickness. This is, in itself, impressive when one considers the motivations most often attributed to charlatans and mountebanks. That she suffered and lived out her life in such silent anguish with such spirit and gentleness, is a tribute to a great and good character; one we would imagine, not easily prone to dishonesty and chicanery. But everyone must decide for himself: Was the cause of Mollie Fancher's incredible anguish a neurotic mind or a discarnate spirit agency?

The report that follows is an extract from a letter written by Mollie Fancher's former doctor, Dr. C. E. West, of Brooklyn Heights, New York. He describes the Fancher case with such thoroughness and eye for detail that it seemed preferable to give a verbatim report:

"You request me to write a brief sketch of Miss Mollie Fancher, in answer to the many inquiries which have been made by those who have examined the beautiful specimens of her needlework sent to your loan exhibition, and which were wrought during a

most extraordinary illness of more than twelve years' duration. To give anything like an adequate account of this remarkable girl would require a treatise. This I cannot attempt.

"Miss Mary J. Fancher was born in Attleboro, Mass., Aug. 16th, 1848, and was educated at the Brooklyn Heights Seminary under my care. She was a sweet girl, of delicate organization and nervous temperament, and was highly esteemed for her pleasing manners and gentle disposition. She was an excellent scholar, excelling in *belles lettres* studies; but her delicate health led to her removal from school a short time before the graduation of her class in 1864. For three years I lost sight of her, till I learned from a Brooklyn paper of her singular condition, which resulted from a remarkable accident.

"Her aunt soon after called and invited me to visit 'Mollie,' as she is familiarly called. I did so, March 4th, 1867, and from that time until the present I have been an intimate visitor of the family. I have kept a journal of my visits and noted all that was important which came under my observation. I have used all the sagacity I possess to discover any fraud or collusion; but I have never seen anything to excite my suspicion or shake my confidence in her integrity. She is a Christian girl, and shrinks from any public exhibition of herself. Spiritualists and curiosity seekers have sought access to her, but have failed. The power of discriminating character is so great that she is rarely ever imposed upon.

"The facts to which attention is called can be fully verified. They are as follows:

"May 10th, 1864.—She was thrown from a horse and severely injured.

"June 8th, 1865.—In attempting to leave a street car her skirt caught, and she was dragged for a block over the pavement.

"Feb. 2nd, 1866.—She was taken seriously ill. Her nervous system was completely deranged. Her head and feet coming together, she would roll like a hoop. She would also stand on her toes and spin like a top. Several persons were required to prevent her from doing personal injury to herself.

"Feb. 8th, 1866.—She went into a trance and was, to all appearance, dead.

"Feb. 17th—She lost her eyesight.

"Feb. 18th—She lost her speech.

"Feb. 19th—She lost her hearing.

"Feb. 22nd—She saw, she spoke and heard for half-an-hour and then for a time she lost these faculties.

"Feb. 23rd—She lost the sense of sound.

"Feb. 24th—The fingers closed.

"Feb. 25th—The jaws locked.

"Feb. 26th—The legs took a triple twist.

"March 7th—The spasms were violent.

"May 20th, 1866.—She asked for food, ate a small piece of cracker, and took a teaspoonful of punch—it being the first food she had taken in seven weeks.

"May 27th, 1866.—She was shocked by thunder, and again lost her speech.

"May 28th, 1866.—She went into a rigid trance at 2.30 o'clock, which lasted till 11.30 A.M., the next day. She then passed into a trance till June 1st.

"June 2nd, 1866.—Nourishment was forced by a pump into her stomach, which threw her into convulsions. She was unconscious and suffered intensely till Sunday evening, June 3rd, when her throat closed,

and she was unable to take any nourishment or utter a sound.

"These items are taken from the diary of Mollie's aunt, who made a daily record of her condition. I have copied but a few of them, to show the beginning of her remarkable illness.

"My first visit, as I have said, was March 4th, 1867. I found her lying on her right side, with her right arm folded under her head. Her fingers were clenched in the palm of her hand. The right hand and arm were paralyzed as was her body generally, excepting her left arm. She was in a trance, and seemed to be in pain. She remained in this trance till the 8th, a shorter time than usual at this period of her illness, her trances often lasting from ten to twelve days.

"I now speak of her physical condition. For twelve years she has lain in one position on her right side. For nine years she was paralyzed, her muscles only relaxing under the influence of chloroform. For the last three years her muscles are so relaxed that her limbs can be moved without the aid of chloroform. While passing into this state her sufferings were intense. For days it did not seem possible that she could live. Her eyes were open and staring. For nine years they had been closed. Now they were open, never closing day nor night. They were sightless. She could swallow, but took no food; even the odor of it was offensive. During these twelve years' illness there have been times when for many days together she has been to all appearance dead. The slightest pulse could not be detected—there was no evidence of respiration. Her limbs were as cold as ice, and had there not been some warmth about her heart she would have been buried. During all these years she has virtually lived

without food. Water, the juice of fruits, and other liquids have been introduced into her mouth, but scarcely any of them ever make their way to her stomach. In the early part of her illness it collapsed, so that by placing the hand in the cavity her spinal column could be felt. There was no room for food. Her throat was rigid. Her heart enlarged. When I first saw her she had but one sense—that of touch. With that she could read with rapidity. This she did by running her fingers over the printed page. With the finger she could discriminate the photographs of persons, the faces of callers, etc. She never sleeps, her rest being taken in trances. The most delicate work is done in the night. The circulation is sluggish, and, as a consequence, there is very little animal heat. She longs to die, but says she cannot, as there is nothing to die. Such is a brief statement of her bodily condition.

"To me her mental state is more extraordinary. Her power of clairvoyance, or second sight, is marvelously developed. All places in which she takes any interest are open to her mental view. Distance imposes no barriers. No retirement, however secluded, but yields to her penetrating gaze. She dictates the contents of sealed letters which have never been in her hands without the slightest error. She visits the family circles of her relations and acquaintances in remote places, and describes their attire and their occupations. She points out any disorder of dress, however slight, as the basting thread in the sleeve of a sack which to ordinary sight was concealed by the arm. Any article which has been mislaid she sees and tells where it may be found. She discriminates in darkness the most delicate shades of colour with an accuracy that never errs. She works in embroidery and wax without patterns.

She conceives the most beautiful forms and combinations of forms. She never studied botany or took a lesson in waxwork, and yet she never mistakes the forms of leaf or flower. Holding a pen or pencil in her left hand, she writes with extraordinary rapidity. Her penmanship is handsome and legible. She once wrote a poem of ten verses in as many minutes—her thought flowing with the rapidity of lightning. In cutting velvet leaves for pin-cushions, like the sample sent you, she held the scissors by the knuckles of thumb and fore-finger of the left hand, and bringing the velvet with thumb and finger of her right hand, she cut the leaves as shapely and without ravel, as though they had been cut with a punch. These leaves do not differ in size or form more than leaves growing on tree or shrub. In the early part of her sickness she cut more than two thousand such leaves. In April, 1875, she worked up 2,500 ounces of worsted; to December, 1875, she had written 6,500 notes and letters. She has kept an account of all the expenses of the family during her sickness. She keeps a daily journal except when in trances of longer duration than twenty-four hours. In passing into the new condition three years ago, of which I have spoken, she forgot everything that had occurred in the previous nine years. When she was able to speak, she inquired about matters that occurred at the beginning of her illness—the nine intervening years were a perfect blank to her.

"But I must take leave of this subject. The incredulous will not accept it—and it is not surprising. Miss Fancher is not [to] be judged by ordinary laws. The state is abnormal—a species of modified catalepsy which has deranged the ordinary action of mind and body. It is a rich mine for investigation to the physiologist and the psychologist, and with them I leave the case.

"To my knowledge she never has made a penny by her gifts, although having many opportunities to do so . . . She knows who her visitors are long before they are ushered into the hall below, and she allows them to see her, or refuses, just as the whim takes her. I took Kossuth's sister there just before departure for the Old World. Miss Mollie refused to see her. Afterward I asked Mollie for an explanation. 'Why, I didn't like her looks when she entered the door,' was the reply. The door is on the floor below. Another time I took a gentleman of reputation as a scholar. She directed that he be kept from her room, for the same reason—she did not like his looks. While she was blind I took a large man with a great black beard to her, and said 'What do you think of this little man with a smooth, sharp chin?' and without turning her face, which was from us, she answered, 'He is very large, and has full whiskers. I can see him.' She knows what is going on all over the country, but whether from her marvellous sightseeing, or because she reads it, I am unable to say. She is not willing to talk to visitors about her gifts. The topic is painful to her. To her friends, however, she is more free, and she is quite willing at times to explain her sensations. She tells them where she goes and what she sees.

"To the question asked by Dr. Channing, then present—'Does she see friends who have gone before her?'—the answer, given with great apparent reluctance was: 'Yes; she sees many of them. She sees her mother; she longs to be with her mother. She says her mother comes to her.'"

"From the first, Dr. R. Fleet Speir, of 162, Mon-

tague Street, Brooklyn, has been Miss Fancher's physician. He has watched her case with unrelenting vigilance, and has made full memoranda of every symptom and every change. After she had declared that she could not partake of food, that it was nauseating and distasteful, he introduced nourishment through a silver tube. When she was to all appearances dead, he worked over her and restored her. One day he received a note from this curious patient, warning him that an attempt was to be made to rob him. He paid not more than passing attention to it: but the next day some one entered his house and took therefrom a valuable case of surgical instruments. When he has rung the door bell Miss Fancher has almost invariably called out: 'Aunt, please go down and let in the doctor.' Once or twice he has halted on the landing at the stair top, while some other visitor who accompanied him entered the room with Mrs. Crosby. Miss Fancher, after greeting the new-comer has said: 'Why does the doctor wait outside? Ask him to come in.' She has been aware of his presence in the neighbourhood, and has told, when he was starting from his Montague Street residence, a mile away from her, that he was going to call upon her. Dr. Speir has taken Dr. Mitchell, Dr. Crane, Dr. Ormiston, and many others of Brooklyn's best known physicians to see Miss Fancher.

"It was Dr. Speir who, in the earlier stages of Miss Fancher's illness, tested whether she had partaken of food by going in suddenly upon her and administering an emetic. The drug gave her much pain, while the result was convincing that her stomach was empty. The nature of the medicine was well known to Miss Fancher, although it had been carefully kept from

her. This event was just before she went into the rigid condition that lasted nine years. As soon as she emerged from this condition into that of relaxation, three years ago, her memory of the nine years was gone, and she remembered only incidents of previous years. So nine and a half years after the administering of the test, as Dr. Speir entered the room, Miss Fancher broke out with: 'You thought I didn't know why you gave me that medicine, but I did. You wanted to see whether food was in my stomach, and you learned that none was there. You won't do so again, will you?'

"Miss Fancher longs to die, yet she tells her friends she is afraid she cannot die. 'There is nothing of me to die,' she says. Once, after a most death-like trance, in which it required hours of vigorous efforts to restore her, she uttered: 'Why did you not let me alone? I think I might have died, had you allowed me to.'

"Some of her friends have seriously said: 'If death is the parting of the spirit from the body, and if Miss Mollie's spirit has been released from the bondage of the flesh, can she indeed ever die?'"

CHAPTER FIVE

THE STIGMATA: The Strange Case of Theresa Neumann

Another phenomenon seemingly connected with ecstatic trances and divine possession is the *stigmata*. The strange case of Theresa Neumann offers several distinct advantages in the study of paranormal phenomena: it is a fairly recent case, having occurred in the mid- to late 1920's; she was thoroughly examined by competent doctors and medicine was far enough advanced to give some authority to the numerous medical reports on Theresa Neumann's case. A more complete account of this remarkable case of stigmatization than I can report here may be found in the June, 1927 issue of *The Month*.

Down to the time of the First World War, Theresa Neumann is said to have been strong and healthy, and in the spring of 1918 she was doing heavy field work as a farm hand. At that date a fire accidentally broke out in the homestead where she was employed, and, to prevent this from spreading, every available recruit was called upon to form a chain and pass buckets of water from hand to hand to pour upon the threat-

ened out buildings. Theresa collapsed under the strain after three hours, suffering intense pain in the lumbar region. She did not at once resign herself to the life of an invalid. On the contrary, she struggled on with her work till the autumn, doing odd jobs about the farm, but another severe strain, incurred at this time, brought on an attack of paralysis which made her a permanent cripple and confined her to her bed. In 1919 she lost her sight. On April 29, 1923, the day of the beatification of Soeur Therese of Lisieux, whom she had always honored with a simple childlike devotion, her sight was quite unexpectedly given back to her. However, she still remained bedridden and a cripple. Two years later, on the day of the canonization of the same holy Carmelite (May 17, 1925), as she seemed to be passing through some strange crisis, the parish priest, her confessor, was called to her. He found her entranced, her eyes immovably fixed upon vacancy, her hands outstretched, her face radiant. A few minutes later she suddenly sat up in bed, a thing which for six years had been quite beyond her power. She stated positively that she would now be able to stand and walk, and her mother found that her left leg, which had so long been doubled up under her, had become normal and was now extended like the other.

After this, there was for some months a general improvement in the girl's condition, although in November 1925 "an acute attack of appendicitis was diagnosed which rendered it imperatively necessary to operate that same evening." Of this she seems to have been cured in a few hours in response to prayer, and the doctor was "able to satisfy himself that all trace of inflammation had disappeared."

The characteristic phenomena of stigmatization did not occur until shortly after Shrove Tuesday 1926, when "blood began to run from both eyes." Before Passion Sunday, without any assignable cause, there appeared on the left breast, in the region of the heart, a wound which at times bled profusely but did not suppurate. But it was only on Good Friday itself that the climax was reached. On that day she became a spectator, as it were in a vision, of the scenes of our Lord's Passion, and, like so many other stigmatics, enacted them in some sense in her own person, suffering at three o'clock the very pangs of the death agony. Besides this, she felt acute pains in her hands and feet, and since that time her hands and feet were marked with traces of wounds, normally covered with a brownish scab, but during certain weeks in which she passed into ecstasy on the Friday, opening and discharging clear arterial blood.

After 1926, the case took on another remarkable feature—a long period of almost complete fasting. In 1927, Dr. Wolfgang von Weisl observed Theresa personally and at length. He personally examined the wounds on the hands, which gave him truly the impression of having been produced by nails. Dr. von Weisl concluded his report by proclaiming his belief that conscious imposture was out of the question. He also repudiated the explanation of the case by hysteria and admitted the genuineness of the stigmata. The real difficulty in the case began for Dr. Von Weisl with the alleged fact that Theresa Neumann did not seem to have absorbed any food for about seven months. For fourteen days she was closely watched in this respect by four Sisters of Mercy, whose conclusions were favorable to her claims. Still Dr. von Weisl

was inclined to think that the girl took some food at night in a somnambulistic state, and recommended that, in order to test this hypothesis, she should be transferred to a clinic, where she could be effectively controlled. Theresa was closely watched day and night for fifteen days by four nuns, who had been sworn in, and then specially instructed for two days by Dr. Seidl of Walsassen. Two nuns had Theresa under constant observation; she was regularly weighed; various researches of a medical and chemical character were also made. It was ascertained that Theresa had not taken any food at all during the period in question (except the Host and a small quantity of water to enable her to swallow it).

A curious coincidence occurred at the same time as Theresa's stigmatization. It so happened that just prior to Theresa's eyes' discharging blood, a Professor Bianchi of Naples University was pathologically studying the ecstasies of Elena Ajello, from whose eyes tears of blood discharged for a considerable period of time. No adequate explanation was forthcoming from the scientific community on either Elena's or Theresa's remarkable case.

CHAPTER SIX

Somnambulism

A strange phenomenon akin to the trance state is somnambulism. This weird condition is characterized by a sleep-like stupor. There is no apparent spirit agency involved. It has been observed that somnambulism (more popularly called "sleep-walking" today) is a form of acting out of one's dreams. Yet some paranormal abilities seem to exist in this state. It has for instance, been firmly established that sleep-walkers, with eyes tightly sealed, successfully avoided furniture and other objects placed in their path by experimenters. What is this sixth sense that seems to take over many of the sensory tasks? Perhaps it's ESP!

Somnambulism, as the term is used in England, exactly comprehends all the phenomena of half-waking trance. The seizure mostly comes on during common sleep. But it may supervene in the daytime; in which case the patient first falls into the lightest form of trance sleep. He begins to act a dream which is connected and sustained. The attention is keenly awake in this dream, and desires its fulfillment to the utmost.

In the meantime, the somnambulist appears to be insensible to ordinary impressions, and to take no cognizance of what is going on around him; a light may be held so close to his eyes as to singe his eyebrows without his noticing it; he seems neither to hear nor to taste; the eyelids are generally closed, otherwise the eyes are fixed and vacant.

The following case is from the *Hamburg Zeitschrift fuer die gesammte Medizin*, 1848:

"A lad of eleven years of age, at a school at Tarbes, was surprised several mornings running at finding himself dressed in bed, although he had undressed himself the night before. Then on the 3rd of May he was seen by a neighbor, soon after three in the morning to go out dressed with his cloak and hat on. She called to him, but he did not answer; and she concluded that he was going to Bagnères with his father. In fact that was the road he took; and he was afterwards seen by several persons near Bagnères trudging after a carriage. It rained hard and they were surprised to see so young a lad travelling at so early an hour; but they thought he probably belonged to the people in the carriage. He reached Bagnères at half past five, having done the distance of five post leagues in two hours and a quarter. He went to the hotel of M. Lafargue, which he had on a former occasion visited with his father, and entered the eating room. The people of the hotel addressed him. He told them that he had come with his father in a postchaise, and that they would find his father in the yard busied with the carriages. M. Lafargue went out to look for him. In the meantime the people of the house observed that the boy's remarks were incoherent; so they took off his cloak and cap, when they found that his eyelids

were closed and that he was fast asleep. They led him towards the stove, took off his wet things and his boots without awakening him; but before they had completely undressed him to put him to bed, he woke.

"The impressions of his dream did not desert him. He complained of having had a bad night; and asked for his father. They told him his father had been obliged to set off again immediately. They put him to bed and he slept. They sent the news to his father, who came to Bagnères. The boy believed and believes still, that he came to Bagnères with his father in a chaise that was driven very slowly. Being asked what he had seen on the road he described having passed a number of monks and priests in procession. He said there was one good looking young man, who did not leave him, but was always saying, 'Good day, Joseph; Adieu, Joseph.' He said that what had most annoyed him was the burning heat of the sun, which was so intense that he had been obliged to wrap himself up in his cloak; that he could not bear its bright light."

Perhaps the most interesting case of somnambulism on record is that of a young ecclesiastic, the narrative of which from the immediate communication of the Archbishop of Bordeaux is given under the head of 'somnambulism' in the French encyclopedia.

This young ecclesiastic, when the archbishop was at the same seminary, used to rise every night, and write out either sermons or pieces of music. To study his condition, the archbishop betook himself several nights consecutively to the chamber of the young man, where he made the following observations.

The young man used to rise, take paper, and begin to write. Before writing music he would take a stick and rule the lines with it. He wrote the notes together

with the words corresponding to them with perfect correctness, or, when he had written the words too wide, he altered them. The notes that were to be black, he filled in after he had written the whole. After completing a sermon, he would read it aloud from beginning to end. If any passage displeased him, he erased it, and wrote the amended passage correctly over the other; on one occasion he had substituted the word 'adorable' for 'divine;' but he did not omit to alter the preceding 'ce' into 'cet' by adding the letter 't' with exact precision to the word first written. To ascertain whether he used his eyes, the archbishop interposed a sheet of pasteboard between the writing and his face. The somnambulist didn't take the least notice, but went on writing as before. The limitation of his perceptions to what he was thinking about was very curious. A bit of aniseed cake, that he had sought for, he ate approvingly; but when on another occasion, a piece of the same cake was put into his mouth; he spat it out without observation. The following instance of the dependence of his perceptions upon his preconceived ideas is interesting. It is to be observed that he always knew when his pen had ink in it. Likewise, if they adroitly changed his papers when he was writing he knew it, if the sheet substituted was of a different size from the former, and he appeared embarrassed in that case. But if the fresh sheet of paper, which was substituted for that written on, was exactly of the same size with it, he appeared not to be aware of the change. And he would continue to read off his composition from the blank sheet of paper, as fluently as when the manuscript lay before him; he would even continue his corrections, and introduce an amended passage, writing it upon exactly the place

on the blank sheet corresponding with that which it would have occupied on the written page. His writing upon it was the mechanical transcript of an act of mental penmanship.

CHAPTER SEVEN

Poltergeist

One of the most troublesome Poltergeists in history made its debut by first rapping on the bedstead of a maid-servant, raps which she said she not only heard but felt, one night in the autumn of 1860. She immediately expressed her belief that this was the token of an approaching death in the family. The maid slept in a room on the third story, so that it could not well be any mischievous person playing a trick; but M. Joller the owner of the house strictly commanded her to keep her superstitious notions to herself, and ascribed the raps to the girl's own imagination, which she would, however, on no account admit. The rapping was not again repeated for some weeks, but after that interval M. Joller came home from a temporary absence and found his family in great alarm. His wife and second daughter, sleeping in his own room, had been awakened by loud rattings on a table in the room. On demanding if it were any living agent, that it should rap again, it did so promptly. They also now entertained the notion that it was the messenger

of death, and a letter informing them in a few days of the decease of a friend, confirmed that idea. They were soon, however, to be convinced that it was nothing temporary. In June, 1861, one of the boys, nine years of age, being in a wood-chamber on the third story, was found in a swoon. As he was a stout and fearless lad, great was the wonder, and on coming to himself, he said as he was in the chamber he heard knocks on the door, of which he took no notice, but immediately afterwards a white indistinct figure opened the door and entered, when he lost consciousness. This M. Joller endeavored to account for by the erudite solvent of all difficulties: imagination. But M. Joller was not to be let off so easily. The other boys in their bedroom heard noises in the night in the rooms above and below them, and called out to know who was making the noise. M. Joller endeavored to persuade them that they were cats or rats, or birds that made the noises; and yet he now recollected to have heard similar sounds on his own writing table, and that frequently, two years ago.

In the autumn of 1861, the maid renewed her complaints. She said she was afraid of remaining alone in the kitchen. As she cleaned the shoes one evening on the steps near the kitchen door, grey shapes appeared from the cellar below. They came upstairs into her chamber, and she heard them sobbing in the fourth story, which was a lumber room. Mrs. Joller scolded her for her fancies. But the same things appeared to the children, and the youngest daughter about eleven years old, at her studies one day, saw a child enter, walk up to her, and vanish. The maid-servant was dismissed in October of 1862, and a girl of only thirteen was taken in her place to do the more common work

of the house, the mother and daughters, in Swiss fashion, undertaking the rest. From that time to the summer of 1862 all was quiet, the medium seemed to have gone in the maid; but this was not the case, for two of the boys who slept in a chamber leading by a terrace into the garden, declared that they still heard knocking on the walls at night; others said that they heard in the rooms above a going-to-and-fro as of a heavy dog, and knockings on the walls and the floors. Still M. Joller endeavored to persuade his family that these sounds proceeded from merely natural causes.

On the 15th of August, M. Joller had occasion to visit Lucerne, with his wife and eldest son, and on his return the rest of the children had revelations of fresh apparitions to make. This time he threatened them sternly with the rod if he heard any more 'such nonsense'; and the children complained sorrowfully that 'their father would believe nothing.' But the very same morning the children were frightened out of the house by knockings, and as they sat down on the doorsteps leading to the gardens, a pebble the size of a man's fist was thrown from somewhere above or from the house, and fell between two of them. Returning to the house they found all the doors of the rooms, drawers, and cupboards standing open. These they closed and locked, only to see them fly open again. They then locked the door of the chamber adjoining the sitting room, and bolted it with the night bolt, but notwithstanding both, it was thrown open, and all the windows and doors standing open were as suddenly closed. Hearing also a heavy step on the stairs, though nobody was visible, they flew again into the garden. Returning at noon to dinner, they saw a

strange spectre on the staircase, and hurried once more into the garden with the dinner things, and took refuge under a large walnut tree. As the girl carried the plates out from the kitchen, she saw doors still opening and shutting and the children from the garden saw all the windows open.

The disturbances now came thicker and faster. The humming of spinning-wheels was heard in the house; occasionally a strange music; furniture began to move about; then the music was accompanied by the audible singing in a melancholy tone, of Camilla's prayer in Zampa, 'Gleiches Loos, etc.,' and a voice said in the Nidwalden patois, 'Wenn au gar niemer umen isch!' 'If I should never come again!' Still more extraordinary, not only they, but the woman of the adjoining house, saw on the house floor, drawn with the accuracy of an engraving, a snow-white figure with a death's head, which they watched for some time till it faded quite out. The same evening, a fire being kindled in the ground story fire place, a conical figure surrounded by flames, came down the chimney, and, dissolving into water, drowned the fire out, and raised a wild cry from the maid and children, which brought down the mother, who found the group sitting in the nearby dwelling of the tenant weeping in terror.

M. Joller now received information of like things going on in other places, from persons of education and intelligence, but he still persisted in ascribing these things to natural causes. But the time was now come for him to meet the enemy face to face. On the 19th of August, as he arrived at home in the evening, his wife called him into the house passage to hear the knocking going on. Then he soon had ample evidence

that the stories of the maids and children had foundation enough. The knocking went on briskly on the wall before him; then in the scullery. He followed, putting his ear close to the place, and pretending that it must be a rat, struck some heavy blows on the wall to frighten the rat away. To his astonishment, the blows were returned with equal vigor and in equal number. He called for a candle, and examined the passage and scullery closely—in vain. He then summoned his family to the sitting-room, declared he would find it all out next morning; and bringing Zschokke's *Book of Family Worship*, began to read aloud his 28th chapter, namely, 'On the Power of Superstition.'

The spirit, however, cared neither for M. Joller nor Zschokke, but began pounding on the room door so vigorously, that his reading was soon brought to an end, and the children asked triumphantly, "Is that a rat, then?"

Incensed at this, and strongly persuaded that some one was playing the fool with him, he seized a candle, armed himself with a stiletto, and sallied forth to hunt out the villain. The outer doors and windows being fast, he felt sure that he must soon detect him. He descended to the cellar, made a vigorous search among the barrels and behind the door. Nothing there! But above his head the knocking was now going on blithely. He ascended, followed the sound from place to place; sometimes with his candle, sometimes without it, stealing along in the dark to pounce on the rogue. Having no success, however, he ordered all to bed. The noises nevertheless became such, that the whole family moved together into one room, followed by the knocking. The bedstead was seized and banged against the wall till the whole bed shook. M.

Joller examined under the bed and into every corner of the room, but in vain. He found the doors and windows all fast. As he was thus employed he heard raps on the chairs, and felt a soft stroking on the forefinger of his left hand.

From this time till the family was driven from the house, the haunting was almost incessant; the knockings, the throwing about of furniture, the visible presentment of spirits has rarely had a parallel in the history of such phenomena. There might have been room to suppose that the maids and children had given way to imaginary fears, but from this time forward the disorders became the subject of incessant public observation. The news flew about, in spite of all M. Joller's endeavors to keep it at home; and hundreds of thousands of people flocked from the country round to witness the proceedings—and did witness them in crowds.

The next morning he kept his word, and made a thorough examination of the house; and the spirits gave him the amplest opportunity to try his skill. They knocked everywhere, till he saw the very wainscot bend beneath their blows. As he was born in the house, and as an inquisitive lad, had watched all repairs going on at different periods, he says there was not a handbreadth of its wall or roof that was not familiar to him. The knockings were everywhere. Now thumping on a door, he opened it, and held it fast in his hands, when the knocks were given on each side at once. On one occasion he stood with a chamber door ajar, and suddenly pulling it open as the first knock fell on it, saw a dark figure outside; but before he could spring forward, his wife and a daughter who were in the room, simultaneously cried out

that they saw a brown bony arm at the moment withdrawn from the door. They did this so completely together that he was convinced that each saw the same thing. The servant flew upstairs to say that she had heard something come down the stairs, and three times groaningly exclaim, "Take pity on me!" She added that she looked eagerly, but could see nothing; yet soon after she saw a grey transparent little cloud float in at the kitchen window, and pass with a vibrating motion to the chamber door, where it had knocked loudly.

Driven to a late conviction of what he had to deal with, M. Joller hastened to beg the Commissary Niederberger to come and see these things; but he being absent, Father Guardian came, and watched the phenomena with deep interest, but without being able to suggest a solution of the cause. He thought an investigation by men of authority should take place; but M. Joller, dreading the consequences of publicity, hesitated. The Father bestowed the usual blessing on the house and withdrew. The bewildered M. Joller then drew out his dust-covered college notes on experimental physics, made at Munich, while attending the class of Professor Sieber, but they afforded him no light.

Neither the blessing of the reverend Father, nor the philosophical enquiry suspended the disturbances for an instant. The next day, as the Court of Justice was sitting at Lucerne, he was obliged to attend on business, but he was sent for before the Court rose, the house at home being in the most frightful uproar. Arriving, he found all his family in the open air, not daring to stay under the roof. Numbers of people were collected on the high road looking at the house,

in great excitement. Having no fear, he entered the house, and found the doors madly flying open and then banging shut with a violence that threatened to demolish them. In the kitchen he found the glasses, bottles, and earthenware standing on the table ringing as if struck with a metallic instrument. The knockings were in so many parts of the house at once, that had it been men who did it, it would have required four or five, yet not a man was in the house except himself. He here called in an old friend, the Councillor Zimmermann, Dr. K. von Deschwanden, an accomplished natural philosopher; the President of the Court of Justice, Obermatt; Judge Schallberger, and Master Builder Aloys Amstad. These gentlemen witnessed the phenomena with astonishment. They sought everywhere for some physical cause, and propounded many theories of vulcanism, magnetism, galvanism, electricity, etc. But at length they went away as much puzzled as many other scientific men had been in like circumstances.

The next day, Mr. President Obermatt brought other gentlemen to witness the disturbances, and one of these suggested whether it might not be some electrical machine on the premises which was grown thus riotous, when the eldest son of M. Joller, who had been cautioned by his father to be secret on the real cause, concedingly observed that it might be so. This was enough. It does not appear that there was any electrical machine on the premises, but the frolics of the spirits went on with a violence that no twenty electrical machines in the house could account for. Doors were fiercely flung open, bolts and bars dashed vehemently back. Figures were seen by different people, and the second son fainted and fell at the sight of

one. The house was now rarely unoccupied by crowds of people, before whom the manifestations went on in full force and variety. Before the Land-Captain Zelger, the Director of Police Jann, Dr. Christen. The President of the Court of Justice again, and many other persons of position, the Episcopal Commissary Niederberger, and Father Guardian made a very vigorous examination of the house, and retired advising a thorough physical commission of inquiry; but believing its origin to be still beyond the scope of such a commission.

The house was crowded from morning to night; some talked of and hunted for the electrical machine; others challenged the devil to come out; and others, who had happened to hear that the eldest son of M. Joller had been seen speaking with an actor in the streets of Lucerne, declared that it was all sorcery, and that young Joller had learned it of the player. The police director, Jann, sent in two policemen to keep watch so that the house would not be plundered by thieves amongst the crowds. As the conduct of the visitors, both in the flesh and out of it, grew every day more outrageous, though a number of watchers were maintained throughout the nights; as the spirits grew bolder and showed themselves more openly; and as M. Joller seized one of the hands of the spirits and felt distinctly the thumb and fingers, which soon, however, drew themselves away; he went and demanded a formal examination of the house by the police authorities. This was accorded, and three of the heads of the police were appointed to prosecute the inquiry. Up to this moment the disturbances continued in full play. The directors of police ordered M. Joller to withdraw with his whole family from the

house, and take up their quarters elsewhere. They were then left to themselves and profound silence for six days. No knock was heard, no ghost appeared, no door or window opened or shut of itself. The police, therefore, drew up a report that there was nothing at all amiss, and returned to Lucerne in the pride of ignorance of all psychology, and of having shown up the whole affair. These worthy souls knew nothing at all about mediums. M. Joller did not even understand that he had carried the mediums along with him; but he knew the moment that he recrossed his own threshold that the old ghostly power was there in all its force.

The tide of popular ridicule was now let loose against the unfortunate Joller. The Press was in a heaven of triumph over the follies of this superstitious man. Though thousands had seen the very things that he asserted to exist; though police-director Jann, judges, magistrates, and dignified clergy had all witnessed the phenomena, poor Joller and his family were treated as little less than lunatics. The thing was the talk of all Switzerland, and what wounded M. Joller most deeply was, that all his political services and sacrifices to liberal opinion were at once forgotten. His own party, to a man, joined in deriding him; even those with whom he had stood side by side in battle against political corruptions, threw their sarcasms at him. As is so often the case, however, some of his political opponents, whom he had hit the hardest and spared the least, now stood nobly forward and defended him, as an honorable, meritorious, and trustworthy man.

In vain M. Joller protested against the injustice of his neighbors: in vain he insisted on another police

examination conducted in whatever manner the authorities pleased, so long as the family could be in the house: the one already held was held to settle the whole question. On the contrary however, the annoyances held their uninterrupted course from this time, the 4th of September, to the 22nd of October, when they finally drove him and his family out. It is still a long story, but we can only notice a few of the most striking phenomena. Chairs and other furniture continued to change their places, apparently at their own pleasure. Broken pots and glass, an old axe, cobs of Indian corn, a sickle, a great iron ring, were repeatedly brought out of the kitchen and cellar; and thrust into a stove in a chamber, locked up and the key in possession of M. Joller. In full sunshine at noon, the eldest daughter saw in the garden, as she thought, the maid-servant climbing the lattice-work on the house side to gather grapes. She saw her dress so distinctly, her hairnet, smooth hair, and dark neckerchief, that she called aloud to her, when to her astonishment she saw the maid issue from the kitchen below to see what was wanted: and the figure, as if crouching under the vine leaves, disappeared.

For some days there had been a plucking of leafy branches and flinging of them into the chamber windows, or upon the heads of persons passing below, when on the 12th of September, as the whole family sat at coffee at half-past two in the afternoon, three students being present, and the maid in the room, a great noise was heard in the salon above. All rushed up and saw the room in singular disorder. From the wall on the left hand a large engraving was taken down and laid on the floor. Two pier glasses were taken from the wall and laid down in like manner. A

parasol that had stood in a corner was spread out over an ornamental hanging lamp. Stools and curtains were thrown confusedly in a heap; and all the chairs were heaped one upon another around the table. Everything being restored to order and the room carefully locked, the next morning early, the room was found in a still greater state of chaos, as well as an adjoining chamber.

Joller, having to go to Lucerne to pay in some money, heard from his family on his return that they had, in an adjoining chamber, "heard the distinct counting out of money, piece by piece, and the rolls of it successively pushed aside, so that they were inclined to believe that there must be somebody there so engaged." On looking, however, they found nobody. When mentioning the time, he found it agreed exactly with his own counting of money at the bank. At another time, as he was then at some distance away on the estate, watching the felling and cutting up of timber, his wife and children at home heard the chopping and splitting of wood in the cellar. On the 16th of September they were astonished by the hopping and dancing of an apple, which came flying downstairs against the house door, and passed by Joller in the passage at several bounds into the kitchen. The servant, busy at her cooking stove, seized it, and laid it on the kitchen table, when it soon sprung away and hopped into the passage. The girl seized it again and flung it through the window, but it soon came flying back through the same window, bounded on the table, thence into the passage, the sitting-room, and finally into the adjoining chamber, where it flew into a corner and remained quiet. A pear descended from the ceiling near Joller with such force as to be smashed on

the floor. Other pieces of pear were flung at the girls while at work, and hung in their hairnets at night.

The family were repeatedly assailed with showers of stones, both in the house and in the garden. At twelve o'clock in the morning, while at the well, a shower of stones fell round one of the daughters without striking her, and at the same time a sharp-edged wall stone fell down the kitchen chimney, striking the lid of a pan on the fire, and then falling to the floor without bringing a trace of soot with it. A knitting needle took to flying about from room to room, and when it was thrown out into the garden, it flew back again on its own force. There were continually sounds of humming and spinning wheels, and the drawing up of clock chains. On the 16th of September a voice deep and groaning, said distinctly, as out of the wall: "Jetzt komme ich nimmer" (Now I come no more!). But it did not keep its word, or else other actors stayed behind; for a great variety of annoyances were continued—more than can be related here.

CHAPTER EIGHT

The Maid of Orlach

While there are numerous examples of differing phenomena such as poltergiests, possession (diabolic and divine), haunting, etc., to be found, one of the most singular cases incorporating all of these phenomena is a narrative by Dr. Justinus Kerner, published in 1834, describing the incredible case of "The Maid of Orlach."

In the small village of Orlach, in Wurtemberg, lived a peasant named Grombach. He was a good Lutheran Protestant, and an honest, respectable man. He had four children, of whom his daughter, Magdalene—a lively, healthy, industrious girl—was one. In February, 1831, strange disturbances began to occur in the cow-house. The cows were found tied up in unusual ways and places. Sometimes their tails would be found plaited all together, and that with as much skill as if the finest lace weaver had executed the work. For some weeks these occurrences were repeated, but the most incessant watchfulness could never detect any human agency at work. About this time, Magdalene,

while sitting milking, received a smart box on the ear, and her cap was struck off with so much violence, by invisible hands, that it flew against her father, who was attracted towards her by her cry. On several occasions, strange cats and birds came and went in the cow-house, no one knew from whence or whither.

On the 8th of February, 1832, while Magdalene and her brother were cleaning out the cow-house, a clear fire was suddenly found to be burning in it. No combustible matter whatever was known to have been near the building; and though the flames were soon extinguished by the help of the neighbors, the origin of the fire was entirely unknown.

The sudden bursting out of flames was repeated on the 9th, 10th and 11th of February, until—at the urgent request of Grombach—watchers were stationed in and around the premises day and night, notwithstanding which, flames broke out in different parts of the dwelling, obliging the poor family to empty it of all furniture; still the burning continued from time to time in the dismantled cottage.

A few days after the last burning, Magdalene saw in the cow-shed, about eight in the evening, the grey shadowy form of a woman, whose head and body appeared closely swathed. Before she had time to cry for help, the figure said to her, in a strange, distant, though clear voice, "Remove the house, remove the house! If it be not removed before the 5th of March of next year, I cannot protect you from great misfortune. Promise that the house shall be destroyed."

The girl, who seems to have rallied under the sense of a benign and protecting influence in this apparition, gave a promise to that effect. Grombach and his son were present at this interview. They heard Mag-

dalene's words, and the sound of some distant voice as if in conversation with her, but they could neither distinguish what was said nor did they see the apparition. From this time, the female spirit frequently appeared to Magdalene, and always brought with her a sense of strange strength and protection. Magdalene loved her, and conversed with her without the slightest sentiment of fear. The spirit said she had been born at Orlach, in 1412; that she had been made a nun against her will, and had been guilty of many crimes, of which she could not then speak. She seemed very religious, but very sorrowful. She could read the girl's thoughts, but refused to tell why the house should be pulled down, or what was the cause of her grief. She often referred to a "black spirit," by whom she was bound in some mysterious way, and alleged that he was endeavoring to work great evil to the family, which she desired to prevent. This "white spirit," as Magdalene called her, often foretold events truly, and manifested a tender interest in all that concerned Magdalene.

On St. John's day, when all the family were at church except Magdalene, who remained at home to prepare the dinner, she was startled by a loud explosion in the cow-house. She was about to rush out to see what had occurred, when she beheld close to her, on the hearth, a heap of yellow frogs.

She was on the point of gathering them up in her apron, as a curiosity to show her parents on their return, when she heard a voice seeming to call up to her from the ground, "Magdalene, let the frogs go," when instantly they vanished.

After this, a terrible time of persecution ensued. Magdalene was pursued everywhere by voices, scorn-

ful laughter, and frightful apparitions of animals of different kinds.

At length, in mid-day, while she was haymaking, she encountered the apparition of a black man, who said to her, "What does she want who comes to thee? Do not thou speak to her; but speak to me, and I will give thee the key to the cellar beneath thy house. There are eight firkins of wine there, and many rich things." Then he laughed contemptuously and vanished. For several days during the season of haymaking, this black spirit appeared to the girl, trying to tempt her to answer him, and threatening her with all sorts of woes if she conversed any more with the white spirit, whom he spoke of as that "bag of bones." He tried to induce her to have mass said to keep the weather fine, though Magdalene and her family were all Protestants. He seemed to be dressed as a monk, and often alleged that he was one. He could imitate the voices of her neighbors, and often did so to induce her to answer him when he called her, but she was always conscious of his presence and mockery, and by the advice of her "white angel" never answered him. He often jeered about her old father carrying a bible with him, and told her "the mass was much finer and grander."

No language can do justice to the persecutions which the poor girl suffered from this terrible spirit. His voice was frequently heard by others as well as herself, mimicking the tones of her family or friends, and always calling upon her for answers: but her peculiar sensitiveness enabled her so to distinguish his voice, that she never answered him. He often predicted the future truly, and on one occasion promised to give her some money in proof of his friendship. The

next evening, Magdalene and her sister being in the cow-house, a small bag fell suddenly from a beam, and on opening it they discovered several thalers and eleven gulden. No one could give any account of how the money came there, or who owned it. In the evening of the next day, the white spirit told Magdalene that her persecutor had placed the money there in fulfillment of one of his promises, but that she must not keep it, but give it to various charities.

The spirit then added, that she should be rewarded for her obedience by having money really given her, with which she advised her to buy a hymn book. The day after this interview, Magdalene, with her father, hastened to the town of Hall to dispose of the money to the orphanage, and as she returned she was accosted by a shopkeeper, who inquired if she were not the wonderful peasant girl of whom he had heard so much.

Magdalene modestly informed him of her name, when he begged her acceptance of a gulden *to buy a new hymn book with*.

At length her persecutor appeared to her in such frightful and monstrous shapes, that she frequently swooned from excessive fear, and it was in one of these cataleptic attacks that a new and most distressing phase of her enemy's power was made manifest. The girl affirmed that a black and frightful monster would come and lay a cold icy hand on the back of her neck previous to the attacks, which now became frequent. Sometimes she would remain unconscious, cold and rigid for hours. At others, she would strike violently at everyone who approached her, with the *left hand and foot*, which were icy cold, whilst the entire right side of her body was warm and quiescent.

Her parents sent for doctors and clergymen, but all

without effect. When questioned she would cry out, "The black spirit! it is he that plagues me." "Where is he then?" the doctor would enquire; for answer, she would invariably strike at her left side with her right hand. That some most inexplicable but powerful effect was produced in the girl's system, all the reports of the medical men who were called in to attend her testify. Generally, the left side was cold, stiff and unmanageable; the right warm, and perfectly natural. These states increased in strangeness and violence as the year progressed, until at last, according to her own account, the black spirit would enter her lifeless body, and cause her to rise up and speak in a hoarse bass voice, language that was only worthy of a demon.

The doctors who were first called to attend her, treated her according to their custom with bleeding and leeches. In her somnambulic states she would frequently say to them, "This will do no good. I am not ill. No physician can help me." It was asked, "Who then can help thee?" Then she would awake suddenly, and joyfully cry, "I am helped: the white lady has helped me."

From this time about the 25th of August the white spirit told her in connection with many comforting texts of Scripture, that the black spirit must for a time gain full possession of her body, but that she would always be with her and conduct her soul to a place of safety, while the black spirit remained.

Magdalene's own account of her frightful persecution was this: She would see, even in the midst of her work, the outline of a monk's form, clothed in black; the face she could never clearly discern. Then she would hear him say, "Wilt thou still give me no answer? Take care, I shall plague thee." Then she

would feel him press against her left side, and seize the back of her neck with five cold fingers.

This was always her last conscious memory. From this time, she only spoke with the hoarse man's voice, and demoniacal speech of her tormentor. Generally, she lay with a face as livid as death—her eyes closed, the pupils when examined turned inwards, and the left foot and hand constantly moving up and down or extended to strike or menace. These attacks lasted from four to five hours, and on awakening a struggle of an extraordinary character would appear to ensue between her right and left sides.

She never seemed to have any knowledge of the language used on these occasions but would declare that she had been to church, and prayed and sung with the congregation.

Dr. Kerner reports that "after this condition had lasted five months without alleviation, at my request, the poor girl was brought to my house.

"Whatever I might myself have thought, I never encouraged the idea to her parents, or the various physicians who examined her case, of 'demoniacal possession.'

"Still I felt compelled to pronounce her sufferings beyond the ordinary means of relief from medical treatment.

"I only prescribed for her myself, prayer, and spare diet. The magnetic passes which on a few occasions I tried to make, were immediately neutralized by the demoniacal power which impelled her to make counter-passes with her own hand.

"Thus mesmeric, and indeed every other mode of treatment, were unemployed by me, who recognized in her a *demoniacal magnetic* condition, and confided

in the divination of the white spirit, who foretold her recovery on the 5th of March.

"Thus believing, I allowed her without anxiety, to return to her parents, convinced by long and careful observation, that there was not the slightest shadow of dissimulation about the young girl, nor was it possible to exaggerate the extraordinary, and obvious character of her attacks. I earnestly advised the parents to make no exhibition of their daughter's preternatural condition; to keep her attacks as secret as possible, and call no one in to witness them. I believe it was not owing to any negligence on the part of the parents, to whom their daughter's condition was a great loss, as well as a serious affliction, but to the curiosity of the outer world, that crowds of inquisitive people streamed to the hitherto unknown village of Orlach, to see and hear the miraculous girl. In this, there was at least one good result, which was the observation and testimony of so many astonished witnesses.

"One of these was an intelligent and scientific man, Pastor Gerber, who saw Magdalene in several of her attacks, and printed his observations on her case in the *Didaskalia*."

On the 4th of March, while workmen were in the course of pulling down the house, as the white spirit had incessantly commanded, that apparition suddenly stood before Magdalene. This time she was so radiant and attired in such dazzling white robes that the poor girl could scarcely dare to look upon her. She made a confession of her earthly sins through Magdalene's lips, alleging that she had been seduced by a monk, the "black spirit," and become partner of his fearful crimes. She spoke through the entranced lips of Mag-

dalene, of her centuries of suffering, penitence, firm reliance on the atonement of her Saviour, and the final termination of her long and weary penance. After a most affecting and ecstatic prayer, the White Spirit left her, and for the last time as it seemed she was possessed by her foul tormentor . . . From Sunday night until Tuesday at noon, the girl took no food, and remained unchanged, with the same signs of demoniacal possession before described.

During the Tuesday, an immense multitude assembled in Orlach, to witness the final demolition of the house, and question the demon. His language though still uttered in a man's bass voice, was religious and full of hope of redemption. He prayed in affecting terms, acknowledged that he had committed fearful crimes, but his term of earthly imprisonment was nearly ended.

He described castles, and scenes in the country, of which the girl could have had no knowledge, and the accurate description he gave of the ancient monastery of Krailsheim, on the site of which Grombach's cottage and farm had stood, was pronounced by an antiquary present, to be perfectly correct. It was half-past eleven in the morning when the workmen engaged in the demolition of the house, came to an extremely ancient piece of masonry, which, on being removed, disclosed a large dry well, filled with rubbish, mixed with human bones, amongst which were the remains of several infants. These tokens, coupled with the confessions of the spirits speaking through Magdalene excited the most profound interest in the community at large.

Dr. Kerner continues, "Magdalene herself had been removed to the house of a neighbour at some distance

from the scene of her former home, but the crisis of her attack kept constant and faithful pace with the progress of the work, and just as the above-named ancient piece of masonry was discovered, the livid appearance of her face entirely changed to a bright and healthful glow. Her eyes opened, and never shall I forget the astonishing transformation she exhibited. Confused and amazed at seeing herself surrounded by so many strangers, the poor girl covered her face with her hands, and began to weep; she soon recovered however, and became at once and entirely free from the monstrous obsession to which she had been subject for more than eighteen months."

No return either of this obsession, nor the faculty of ghost-seeing was ever experienced. Mind and body alike were instantaneously restored to their normal condition of health and strength, and but for the theory of demoniacal possession, the case has been and must ever remain a paradox which the ordinary experiences of the physician can never explain.

CHAPTER NINE

Animals and ESP

It is a universal belief that animals have some strange form of extra-sensory perception. In the Scottish Highlands and the British Isles in particular, these beliefs are strongly held. In Scotland, animals are deemed to have the gift of seeing spectres in a larger measure than the best human seers. They are observed to be frightened, or to have their fury raised, without any visible or intelligible cause; they show signs of terror and distress when human eyes can see no cause, and it is part of the Celtic belief in the second sight that this excitement is caused by seeing the *taish*, or shades of the living, in those circumstances, and engaged in those services in which the persons, whose similitude they are, will afterwards be. Dogs bark at night, and when this occurs on clear moonlight nights, they are said by the English to "bay the moon." The Celtic belief does not deny that they often bark at the moon, but it asserts further their clamor arises, as the event afterwards proves, from their seeing the forms of that world, in which fetches and doubles move, the

omens of an impending death. Horses are better spectre-seers than even dogs. At places where a violent or sudden death is to occur, they take fright, and no effort of the rider can get them to pass the spot, till at last he has to dismount and lead them past. This is caused by their seeing the "fetch" of the subsequent event, but ordinary people pass it over merely as an "unaccountable fright."

"I have heard," said a Skyeman from the Islands, "scores of times the dogs howling before a funeral was to take place in Kilmuir churchyard. It was because they saw the wraiths of the living." It is a universal Highland belief that certain dogs cry at night when any one in the house is to die.

In Lorn, a woman, going with leather to a neighbouring shoemaker, had on her way to cross a wooden bridge thrown over a mountain stream. She was accompanied by a young child, whom she left, while she herself crossed the bridge to leave the parcel of leather on the other side. As she was crossing a second time, leading the child, the stream came down in flood, as mountain streams do, and carried away the bridge. The woman and child were drowned, and their bodies were found further down the stream, at a place where, for fourteen days previously, a grey tailless bitch belonging to a neighbour, used to go and howl piteously.

The fierce growling of a dog at night, when nothing is known to be in the house to excite its fury, is also supposed to arise from its seeing spirits, or the spectres, it is not known which, of the living or of the dead. Stories of this class usually run in the same groove. A shepherd or servant man has a very good dog, which is in the habit of sleeping in the same room with himself. One night it suddenly gets up growling,

and is heard making its way to the other end of the room. It returns howling faintly, springs into bed, and lying with its forepaws resting on its master, snarls fiercely at something invisible. The occupant of the bed, not seeing anything to account for the dog's fury, puts his head below the bedclothes and quakes with fear till daylight.

A horse in Vaul, Tiree, ordinarily a quiet beast used, when carting, to be most unaccountably startled especially when passing a certain boat, drawn up on the beach. This same boat had been sold by people in the west end of Tiree to some villagers in the east end, who in turn loaned it to Vaul people—in consequence of its being spectre-haunted. Lights soon began also to be seen about it, and it was ultimately sent back to the lenders, who again sold it to people in the west end. Here a melancholy loss of life occurred in it. A gale off the land suddenly sprang up, when the boat, with its six of a crew, was within a few hundred yards of the shore. The men were seen rowing hard to bring the boat to land, but they had at last to give up the attempt. Some days after, the boat came ashore in Coll, with only one of the crew in it. He was reclining on one of the thwarts dead. It was the horse and cart mentioned that took home his body. After that day the horse was never known to be unaccountably startled or frightened. Its former fits entirely forsook it.

CHAPTER TEN

Stories Told by Those Who Return from the Dead

A strange but fairly well-known phenomenon is the visions and reports the extremely ill, or in some cases those who have seemed to die, bring back from an unconscious world that seems to stand just beyond our normal sleep. There are many descriptions by doctors and nurses of mumblings they hear while standing near the death bed, words of endearment, surprise and elation at what the dying person is apparently seeing. Modern medical men naturally dismiss these ravings as hallucinations, but once one has read some of the accounts of those who have come back from the dead, it is not so easy to disregard them. There are many cases of those who have been in comas, mortally ill, recovered unexpectedly, and told of strange meetings with deceased loved ones in their dreams and hallucinations while on the verge of death. The case cited below is relatively typical of many such reports.

Mrs. Diana Powellson, widow of the late Thomas Powellson, resided seven or eight miles south-west of Kansas City. She was forty-one years of age, and the

mother of nine children. Up to three years ago she had been a remarkably vigorous woman. On the 1st of August, 1876, a premature labor induced the disease which culminated in what was supposed to be death. Dr. Thorne called in consultation Dr. Halley, of Kansas City, who made a thorough investigation of the case.

At one time, Dr. Thorne, supposing his patient would soon die, remained with her. The symptoms were cold, clammy perspiration all over the body; eyeballs thrown upward; no action of the diaphragm; she had been blind for several days; things continued in this course until one o'clock in the morning, when she apparently died. A current of electricity passed from the base of the brain to the lower portion of the back failed to revive her. She did, however, finally revive, and gave this statement to a reporter, in company with Dr. Thorne:

"I have been a professed Christian for many years. Some time in 1877 I joined the Methodist Church. I am a full believer in Christianity. The statement that I am about to make is stranger to me than it can be to you.

"On the night I died, I was so happy at going; felt no misery of any kind; pain in the head all gone; it seemed that I lost all consciousness but for a moment; when I came to my senses again I knew I was dead, but everything was very dark to me. I thought I was still blind. I became filled with terror, anticipating the worst. My husband (who died a short time ago) soon, however, took hold of me. Others of my departed friends and family did the same. The darkness suddenly vanished. I saw all my friends and millions of others. I saw hills and valleys, trees and flowers, rivers,

seas, lakes and birds, and heard such music as I cannot describe. The people were not what I expected to see. They were ordinary. Some were bright and beautiful, and others were lean and miserable-looking. I saw their homes. They lived in communities. All were much more beautiful than any we have, but some were not so beautiful as others. I saw many bright spirits, but was very much surprised that they had no wings. My friends led me from the dark place into the light. I did not come through this dark place any more, either in coming back or returning at any time. I saw many meetings or congregations, but did not learn what they were doing. I was told that I must return to my body again. My husband told me this. I cried and was very much angered at him and still am for sending me back. I long to be in that beautiful home that they told me was mine. My husband sent a message to his son and to my children by me.

"Messages were also sent by many others. I was afraid of some spirits, who looked dark and forbidding, while others were bright, beautiful, and kind. When I was there a large concourse gathered around me. I did not know I should return to earth till I was told so by my husband. He was sixty-seven when he died, though he now looks in the prime of life. My two children were with their father. I was very much surprised at this: I had known only one; one child was born dead, prematurely, in August 1876; it was quite rejoiced to see me. I cannot compare it to any age, it differs from earth, but is still a small child. I felt all a mother's love for that child, which I did not think I possessed. My boy, one year old, died fifteen years ago; he is now a young man and knew me.

"Spirits do not sing like we do; much nicer. The

clothing of all was of the flowing or robe kind. No voice is used by spirits. I understood them more perfectly without words. I read their thoughts; it is more perfect language than ours. They told me to come back to earth for three or four years with my little children who are here. I promised to do so. I expected to meet Christ, but did not do so. They told me that this was why I was in the dark. I know now that I must depend upon myself. We are over there as we are here. We make our own happiness. I did not find any heaven or hell, only life, more perfect and beautiful than this. This is not life at all. What I now relate is as clear to my memory as anything in life can be.

"In dying, I did not lose consciousness. I seemed to fade from one life into another. I now often see spirits around me, but cannot speak to them or they to me. They show me flowers which are more beautiful than ours. Spirits told me that they had to repent of their sins over there before they could advance. Till they did this they were unhappy. I was much surprised when I first went there at seeing a spirit which I took to be God, and I afterwards supposed it was Jesus Christ, but who was only a bright spirit teaching the others. I saw many such afterwards; they don't seem to belong to the rest at all. Everybody is engaged in learning and growing brighter, so they told me . . ."

The facts and particulars of this strange death were verified by the people of Rosedale generally. More particularly was the account substantiated by Mrs. Kittie Powellson, sister-in-law to the lady, and Miss R. Powellson, the daughter; Mrs. John Haddock, Mrs. Jas. Wilson, Mrs. Callenburgher, Mr. Baird, practising physician in Rosedale, and many others who constantly attended her.

CHAPTER ELEVEN

The Ghost Who Outwitted His Kin

Bernhardt J. Hurwood relates an interesting case of spontaneous psychic communication in his book *Strange Lives*.

Since individuals involved in the following story are still living, certain details will be left out to protect their privacy.

In Paris, shortly after World War II, a young woman we shall call Angela fell in love with a wealthy, titled Spaniard. They did not get married, but made no pretenses about their relationship: they openly set up housekeeping together. One reason for their not marrying was the strenuous objection of the marquis' family, who controlled much of his income. He bowed to their pressures, although with reluctance.

Eventually, however, the marquis did marry Angela. The family reacted with predictable dismay, but unaccountably agreed to receive the newlyweds during their honeymoon visit to Spain. The meeting was cool and uncomfortable. Angela was miserable in the

presence of her husband's hostile relatives, and could hardly wait to go back to France. Then tragedy struck. The marquis died suddenly. His family reacted unsufferably. They were unable to prevent Angela from attending the funeral, but immediately barred her from their homes. Stunned, she was made to feel like an intruding enemy.

Unfortunately, she had no friend in Spain to turn to. Her influential in-laws saw to it that Angela was given a minimum of comfort by everyone she met. She felt trapped, for the family could abandon her completely due to her legal status as the late marquis' wife. Through an intermediary, they let Angela know their position in a short decisive message. They were going to have the marriage posthumously annulled, returning her to the role they'd always pictured her in—the despised mistress. She was to get no inheritance, and was to leave Spain within 24 hours. She was to let them know where she wanted to go and they would make arrangements for her transportation. With a scornful note of self-righteousness, they told her she could keep whatever clothing, jewelry, and money she might have in her possession, since she had undoubtedly earned it.

Too dazed to dwell on her shabby treatment, Angela realized how completely she had absorbed herself in the life of her late husband. She had no job, no bank account, no place to live. Nor had the marquis felt he needed to carry any life insurance. Finally, she decided to go to England, because she did have some friends there. She conveyed the information to the family, and within 24 hours was on her way.

A few weeks later, while visiting the London home

of her friends, Angela experienced what proved to be the most fantastic episode of her life. She was not the only visitor; the friends also had a house guest. Tea was served. The group had been seated for about five minutes when this house guest suddenly stiffened, stared strangely at Angela, and said,

"There's a man standing directly behind you—I think he's trying to tell you something."

All were startled, including the woman who had spoken, who quickly explained that she had psychic powers which manifested themselves erratically. Generally, she said, she did not care to discuss her visions because they upset others. But Angela leaned forward anxiously and asked the woman to describe the man, and to tell her if he was still there.

Not only was he still in the room, the description fitted the marquis to the minutest detail.

"You must help him to contact me," Angela begged.

"Maybe he can guide my hand," said the woman, "I've found that method to work before."

A pencil and pad were brought to her. She tilted her head a bit, closed her eyes, and poised the pencil over the paper. A hush fell over the room. Suddenly she began to write rapidly, until the pencil fell from her hand. She shuddered, then opened her eyes and handed the paper to Angela without looking at it.

Angela read it incredulously.

"It's the name of a bank in Paris," she said. "There's the address, a man's name, and a number—I don't understand."

Her friends understood. A long-distance phone call was placed. The man whose name had been written on the paper was very real. He explained to the star-

tled young widow that the number was a bank code, given only to the person or persons entitled to access to a special safe deposit box.

The next day, still barely able to believe what was happening, Angela was on a plane bound for Paris. She found in the bank's safe deposit box a large quantity of cash, jewelry, and negotiable securities, plus a set of car keys and a rental receipt from a nearby garage. She presented the receipt at the garage and an expensive, late model sports car was turned over to her without question. In the trunk were several strongboxes containing more valuables and the automobile's license and ownership papers.

Angela also found in the car a letter addressed to her from her husband. It explained that his health was not as good as it seemed to be, and that he did not trust his family. If he should die, he was afraid that Angela would be cheated out of her rightful inheritance. This, said the message from beyond the grave, was even better than insurance.

Because of this amazing legacy, Angela was able to move to the United States where she eventually became highly successful in business. From the woman who had made it all possible, she never heard another word.

CHAPTER TWELVE

Vampirism

Witchcraft is generally thought of as a product of the dark ages and a lost practice to modern times. This is hardly the case. As recently as 1962 in Great Britain, there were reports of witchcraft and Black Masses. In one instance a graveyard was defiled and, when police investigated, arcane marks, human bones and other artifacts of witchcraft were discovered.

It is another modern fallacy that vampirism no longer exists. In recent years, the incidence of vampirism in England is certainly higher than the actual records indicate. A large number of cases are carefully hushed up and stifled. In 1924, the Hon. Ralph Shirley wrote: "It may be doubted, indeed, in spite of the lack of records, whether vampirism in one form or another is quite as absent from the conditions of modern civilization as is commonly supposed." Although we are not today familiar with the Slavonic type of vampire that sucks the blood of its victims, producing death in two or three days' time, strange cases come to light occasionally when people are the victims, by their

own confession, of something of a very similar nature, the vampire in these cases being an entity in human form who indulges in intercourse with someone of the opposite sex. Such cases are today, generally speaking, promptly consigned to one of our lunatic asylums and do not reach the public ear. Quite recently, however, one such case happened to achieve a degree of notoriety within a small suburban community. The victim had been engaged to a young man; although the family, on account of the man's antecedents, did not approve of the engagement, they were not actively hostile. The man died suddenly, and the girl was prostrated with grief. Shortly after, however, she recovered her normal cheerfulness, and somewhat later confessed to her mother that she was visited by her former lover in physical form. She later became engaged to another man, but owing to threats, as he said, of her dead lover, the engagement was broken off. The young woman was subsequently rumored to have become consumptive. Naturally, these things do not get into the papers, and obviously the ordinary medical man will put down instances of the kind as pure hallucination. Still, if one has any knowledge of the philosophy of the occult, such stories are bound to give one pause and make one hesitate before saying that vampirism is entirely a thing of the past. Such cases, in truth, happen every day.

In Ireland today, as in England, the vampire (although records are rare) is by no means unknown. For example, there follows below a most interesting and important case reported by R. S. Breene in *The Occult Review*, October, 1925. It was first reported by persons who were supposed to be relatives of the priest who figures in it. There is no reason to doubt

that it is approximately a statement of fact: The incident happened in a county in Ireland where the vast majority of the inhabitants have always been ardent Roman Catholics. People of this sort would never dream of inventing such a story about an ecclesiastic. So strong is their veneration for the priesthood, and their belief in the sanctity of their parish clergy, that it is almost impossible to understand how such circumstances as those narrated below could be associated in the popular mind with the name and memory of one who had received Holy Orders. Yet it was from Roman Catholics who described themselves as eye-witnesses that the information was derived. Moreover, it is generally true that vampirism only appears in countries which are spiritually in a backward condition, as in some areas of Eastern Europe. Now, though the people amidst whom these events took place were Roman Catholics, yet they were not of a high type. The country is wild, isolated and mountainous. Even in recent years numerous terrible crimes of violence have been reported from the neighborhood, some of them of a peculiarly senseless character. There still can be seen a white cross marking a stone on a roadside where, not long ago, a lad of about twenty years of age had kicked his father's brains out on no apparent provocation: One would almost have said, on examining the evidence in connection with the case, that there had been something like demoniac possession involved. In no other part of Ireland do the inhabitants generally seem to be so conscious of the interpenetration at all times of the things that are not seen with the things that do appear. One feels them to be in touch with a realm of being that we know nothing about in the outer

world. They are crude, brave, and as we would say, superstitious. The element of fear, the fear of the unknown, is always to be felt. Most of the inhabitants of the district are poor, but a number of farmers are able to live in a certain degree of plain comfort. The publicans and the farmers generally give one son to the Church.

A member of the family of M—, a farming connection, had been ordained to the priesthood, and eventually was put in charge of a little hill parish by the local Bishop. He is reputed to have been a quiet, inoffensive man, not given much to the companionship of his flock, and rather addicted to reading and study. His parishioners listened with edification to his sermons, brought their children to him for the rite of baptism, made their confession to him at intervals, and took the sacred bread of the Holy Communion from his hands on Sundays and the greater festivals of the Church. He did not often conduct stations at their houses, as did some of his colleagues in other parishes, who were more gregariously inclined. He was hospitable to strangers, and had frequently placed beds in his little parochial house at the disposal of belated travellers and even tramps. Yet no one in his immediate neighborhood would have thought of going to see him socially. They went to him on the Church's business, or they did not go at all. He was, in a word, respected, though not greatly liked.

When he had little more than passed his fiftieth birthday he suddenly fell ill and died, after a brief confinement to his chamber. He was buried with all the simple pomp that surrounds the obsequies of an Irish country priest. His body was removed before

the funeral to his mother's house which was several miles distant from his parish. It was from there that the funeral took place. It was a sad picture when the body came home to the aged mother, whose chief pride in her later years had been her "boy in the Church," the priest; and it was sadder still when the coffin set out once more from the whitewashed farmhouse, to carry its occupant upon his last journey to the rocky graveyard in the hills where all his kin had laid their bones for generations. According to custom, all the male and female members of the connection accompanied the corpse. The bereaved mother was left to her thoughts for the rest of the day in the house of death. In the afternoon she allowed the maid, who did the rough work about the place to go across the fields to her own people for a few hours. Mrs. M— was as brave as any other woman of her class, and in her trouble she wished to be alone.

Meanwhile, the funeral cortege wended its slow way (a long procession of traps, jaunting-cars and spring-carts) towards its destination in the mountains. They did not waste much time in getting their sad task over and done, but they had a long road to traverse, and the sun was already declining in the heavens as they climbed the last succession of hills on the way to the homestead they had left in the morning. It was a priest's funeral, and, both going and coming, they had not cared to halt at the scattered public-houses they had passed on the wayside, as they would most certainly have done, and done frequently, in the case of anybody else's. They were all sober, but many of them, particularly the womenfolk, had fallen asleep. Night was already in the air. The shadows were lengthening below the hill-crests, but upon the white

limestone highway everything was still in broad daylight. At the foot of a slope the mourners in the first cars suddenly became aware of a solitary figure coming down towards them, walking rapidly. As the distance between them and the pedestrian lessened they were surprised to see that he was a priest. They knew of no priest who could be there at such a time. Those who had taken part in the ceremonies at the grave had not come so far with them on the return journey. They began to speculate as to who the man could be. Remarks were exchanged, and meanwhile the newcomer had met the foremost car. Two men were awake in it. There could be no mistake. *They saw at once, and quite clearly, that they were face to face with the man they had laid in his grave two or three hours before.* He passed them with his head slightly averted, but not sufficiently to prevent them from making absolutely certain of his identity, or from noting the intense, livid pallor of his skin, the hard glitter of his wide-open eyes, and the extraordinary length of his strong, white teeth, from which the full red lips seemed to be writhed back till the gums showed themselves. He was wearing, not the grave-clothes in which he had been attired for his burial, but the decent black frock-coat and garments to match in which they had last seen him alive. He passed down the long line of vehicles, and finally disappeared round the turn in the road. Some one in every loaded trap or car had seen him; in short, most of those who had been awake and on that side. A thrill of terror passed through the whole party. With hushed voices and blanched cheeks they pushed on quickly, now only anxious to get under some sheltering roof

and round some blazing hearth before dread night should fall upon them.

Their first call was at the M—farmhouse. In the front was a little porch built round the door, a small narrow window on either side. About this they gathered, and hurriedly decided to say no word of what had happened to the bereaved mother. Then someone knocked, but received no answer. They knocked again, and still being denied admittance, they began to be uneasy. At last someone thought of peeping in through one of the little side-windows, when he saw old Mrs. M—lying face downward on the floor. They hesitated no longer, but literally broke in, and it was some little time before they were able to bring her round again to consciousness. This, briefly, is what she told them.

About half an hour earlier, she had heard footsteps on the flags outside, followed by a loud challenging knock. She was surprised that they should have returned so soon, and, besides, she had been expecting the sound of the cars approaching. She decided that it could not be any of the family, and so, before opening, she looked out at the side. There to her horror she saw her dead son standing in the broad daylight much as she had last seen him alive. He was not looking directly at her. But she, too, noted the extraordinary length of his teeth, the cold blaze of his eyes, the almost wolfishness of his whole bearing, and the deathly pallor of his skin. Her first instinctive movement was to open the door. Then fear swept over her, swamping even her mother-love. She felt her limbs giving way under her, and quickly sank into the oblivion in which she lay until they found her.

Was this a case of vampirism? It has not been altogether unknown in Ireland. At any rate, it is worthy of record.

Vampirism is as old as man. Tales of these sorry creatures abound, some obviously pure fiction, but some, related by men of renown, carry more credence. A feature of some vampires is not the eating of human flesh and drinking of blood, but satisfaction of the passions by carnal connection with a living person through the medium of a dead body, sometimes its own corpse. One such remarkable instance is told by several French authors and related by Dudley Wright in his *Vampires and Vampirism*.

On the first day of January in 1613 a young Parisian gentleman was returning home about four o'clock in the afternoon, after having spent the earlier part of the day in company with some friends. In a short passage, or porch, which led into his house, he saw a young woman, apparently wealthy, seeking protection there from the heavy rain, which was descending. She was wearing a richly embroidered silk gown, enriched with a string of valuable pearls, and wearing also several other beautiful jewels and gems, all apparently genuine. She apologized for the intrusion, but craved permission to remain there until the return of her servant, whom she had despatched for her carriage. The gentleman willingly gave his consent, but entreated her to enter the dwelling, and, after many protestations, she consented. The time passed but neither the servant nor the carriage put in an appearance. When the time for the evening meal arrived her host placed before her the best that his larder contained, and they enjoyed the meal together. As the

storm had not abated, he persuaded her to remain for the night, offering her accommodation in a separate room from his own. She consented, but later, after they had both retired and the servants also had been dismissed for the night, the host went to his guest's room on the plea of inquiring if she were comfortable. He held her hand, and mutual kisses were, after a while, exchanged. Then yielding to his entreaties, she gave him permission to join her, which he did, and shortly afterwards went back to his own chamber.

In the morning he sent his servant to inquire if the guest needed anything, and the servant returned with a message that the lady did not wish to arise then, as she had had but little sleep during the night. The host went for a walk, and on his return went up himself to his guest's room. He drew aside the curtain and spoke to her in endearing terms, but, receiving no reply, clutched her by the arm, which, to his horror, he found to be as cold as ice. The body, on examination, proved to be lifeless. A magistrate and some doctors were summoned, and on their arrival they were unanimous in the opinion that the body was that of a young woman who had been hanged some time previously, and ventured the opinion that a spectre or devil or, perhaps, the young woman herself had inhabited it for the time being for the gratification of unlawful desires. This had scarcely been said when there arose from the bed a big, thick cloud of smoke, which lasted for a few seconds only, then gradually vanished, and it was found that the dead body had also disappeared.

CHAPTER THIRTEEN

The Case of the Croglin Hall Vampire

Croglin Hall, a strange, lonely house in Cumberland with only one storey, had belonged for centuries to the Fishers. In 1874 it was sold to a Mr. Cranswell from Australia, who then took up his residence there with his brother and sister.

The young people were delighted with the place, in spite of its remote situation, until the close of one sultry summer day in 1875. It was a beautiful moonlit night, and they stayed up till nearly midnight watching the stretch of silver light which was the lawn. On the far side was a belt of trees, beyond which lay the churchyard.

Since all windows were on the ground floor, Edward Cranswell had ordained that they should be fast shut at night. In the lonely countryside, who knew what marauders might prowl at night!

Amelia could not sleep. Sitting up in bed she continued to gaze at the lawn, fascinated by the stillness of the scene outside. Suddenly she saw that not quite all was still. A strange, skeletal figure was loping

across the lawn. It was making for her window! Before she could spring out of bed she saw a ghastly face peering at her through her window, and heard a scrabbling on the pane. The "thing" was picking away the window leads.

Shrieking with terror the girl flew to the door, which, following her brother's rules, she had locked. In her panic she knocked the key on to the floor, where it vanished among the shadows. Shriek after shriek came from her throat, and almost immediately she heard her brothers pounding on the door.

But the "thing" had been quicker. A diamond pane fell from the window, and a long bony arm came through the hole and lifted the latch. The window opened, and the "thing" climbed in.

When at last the brothers burst open the door they found Amelia unconscious on the floor with blood streaming from vicious wounds on her throat, face and shoulders. The "thing" had gone.

It was Michael who chased the figure which was vanishing over the wall. He never caught it. It was only after the blood had been washed from the girl's head and shoulders that the doctor who had been called in diagnosed:

"Merciful Heaven! These are bites!"

At first the theory was that it was a dog which had attacked the girl: she and her brothers had imagined that the creature they saw had the shape of a man. But then the stories came in from neighboring farms of similar horrors. One little girl had been disfigured for life, several women had screamed for help in good time, and the horror had vanished. Obviously the creature was an escaped lunatic—though there was no record of any—or a sex-criminal.

Amelia did not die, but it took a long convalescence in Switzerland before she was able to return to Croglin Hall. The brothers were reluctant, but Amelia insisted.

This time the three were prepared for any possible repetition of the horror. The brothers slept just across the passage from Amelia, and all three doors were kept unlocked.

Again they were awakened by screams, but now they acted before the creature gained access to their sister's room. Michael dashed in, while Edward flew out of the front door in pursuit. Clearly he saw the escaping figure loping across the lawn. He fired, and the thing stumbled a moment, but then slid forward, oozed over the churchyard wall, and staggering over the graves vanished into the family vault of the Fishers.

Next day the brothers and four local men broke into the vault. The place was a shambles. Every coffin was broken open, its contents strewn on the floor—except one! The shrivelled, wolfish creature which lay in its coffin had a fresh wound in the leg.

Popular feeling allowed one course of procedure and the corpse was burnt. And that was the last ever heard of the creature of Croglin Hall.

CHAPTER FOURTEEN

Crime and the Supernatural

The annals of crime contain many cases in which a dream or vision has played an important part either as a warning that a crime was about to be committed or as a source of subsequent information which has led to the solution of the mystery.

During the war, the French police traced and convicted a murderer through means of a strange dream which can only be laid down to pure psychic premonition.

An old French shopkeeper had been robbed and murdered by some unknown killer in an out of the way cafe in the suburbs of Paris. All attempts to trace the murderer failed—no weapon, clues, or signs of any possible identity to elucidate the crime being discovered.

Then his only son, home on leave from the Verdun front, called at Paris police-detective headquarters and told them of a strange vision he had seen in a dream, the night after the news had come to him in the trenches about his father's death. He had seen quite

clearly a tenement house in the Belleville district of Paris. Two of the shutters on the ground floor were off their hinges and broken. There was also no door on the dark steps of this low-down kind of a house that served as a common passageway to all its denizens. At the end of the passage was a small filthy yard full of refuse and debris accumulated in a large heap; underneath this heap—twice, he had seen quite clearly—a revolver in a canvas holster.

At first this apparently fantastic account was accepted with incredulity. But a detective was placed at his disposal, and both went into the Belleville district to see if there was such a building that would correspond in actual existence to what was thought a hallucination. After two or three hours search, both men came across a squalid-looking place with *both shutters broken and without a main door*; further, some dark steps and a passageway leading out to a courtyard containing a large heap of rotting domestic garbage.

On verification of this the police at once took action, the more so when they found that one of the rooms, or dens, of this squalid apartment house, harbored a desperate criminal, long wanted for many crimes, including suspected murder with violence. A team of detectives was set to watch the place before anything further was done, and late that night the wanted criminal was jumped upon by several officers—and after a short fierce fight overcome, and taken away by his police captors.

Then followed the unpleasant task of searching the refuse heap. Everybody concerned by now, as a result of what had already happened, was keyed up with intense interest to see what next would happen. Would

the divination of the murdered man's soldier son work out to its final consummation? After about five minutes in silence one of the searchers bent down and took from his sieve an object—a *dirty canvas holster containing a revolver*. The soldier's fantastic source of information had indeed become a concrete reality. Every detail of his warning dream had proved to be true; those who witnessed it were silent in front of such undeniable phenomena.

The subsequent results that followed from the police securing this information are interesting. The revolver and holster were proved to be the criminal's property, a certain woman and man of the underworld testifying to this fact—as well as the actual man from whom he obtained it. Further, on the night the old man was murdered he came back to the neighborhood flush with drink and plenty of money and bragging to some of the envious underworld denizens who were partaking of his unusual liberality of free drink that his "little friend" told no tales, flourishing a revolver in front of them all when he made the significant remark.

But what clinched the matter definitely as to his guilt was the discovery by the police, hidden away in his rooms, of a small woman's watch and chain. This was identified by the son as that of his father. It belonged to his dead mother and, since the night of his father's murder, had been missing from a locked chest of drawers where it had reverently been laid many years before.

This tale is only one of many that can be found in police departments if sought for, all over the civilized world, especially in America and on the continent: Dreams and premonitions bordering along super-

natural lines coming to the aid of police, especially in cases of murder.

Stanford White, American multi-millionaire, was murdered by another member of that exclusive circle, Harry K. Thaw, on a summer night in 1906, in Madison Square Garden.

The world listened, as usual with eager interest, to the sensational revelations of life in high society. Thaw shot White because he suspected his beautiful wife, the famous Evelyn Nesbitt Thaw, of a liaison with him. The facts appeared quite simple, and there seemed no reason why Thaw should not go to the electric chair.

Able lawyers argued for Thaw's life, and in defense called world-famous alienists who proved to the satisfaction of the court that the accused man was insane, and judgment was entered accordingly. Few people noticed it at the time, but the trial of Harry K. Thaw was the first in criminal history in which a defense that the accused acted under occult influences was admitted. The usual outcry went up that Thaw's wealth had saved his life; but in spite of the charge of injustice alleged against American courts, this was an occasion on which the verdict and judgment were quite in accordance with the facts. Harry K. Thaw was not only mad at the time of the murder; he allegedly was in the grip of members of the spirit world who drove him to his dreadful deed.

The Thaw trial was forgotten when the great American psychologist and humanitarian, Dr. Wickland, made his amazing statement that his wife had been in communication with the spirit of Harry Thaw's father at the time of the trial. The spirit

begged the medium (Mrs. Wickland) to intercede for the life of his son, who he claimed was psycho-sensitive and bewitched by spirits.

The spirit of Thaw senior seized Mrs. Wickland very suddenly, and before she knew it, his voice was speaking through her to her husband. The voice gave incidents of young Thaw's childhood, which were afterwards substantiated by the most searching investigation. Bear in mind that the Wicklands knew only what they had seen in the newspapers, which never at any time gave the details communicated by the spirit-voice through Mrs. Wickland to her husband.

While the Thaw trial was actually in progress, Mrs. Wickland found her body possessed by a spirit which loudly clamored for whisky and soda. The voice was that of a man used to giving orders, brusque and a trifle angry. Dr. Wickland questioned the spirit most carefully, and the substance of their conversation I record below:

Dr. Wickland: "Where do you think you are?"

The Voice: "Why, on the roof of Madison Square Garden, of course. Come on, you; get me that whisky."

Dr. Wickland: "Who are you—what do you think you are?"

The Voice: "I'm Stanford White, damn you! Get me that whisky."

Dr. Wickland: "Why did Thaw kill you?"

The Voice: "Thaw didn't kill me. There were a lot of them wanted to kill me. They made him do it, because I had stolen their daughters."

Dr. Wickland: "Thaw may go to the electric chair. Do you want him to die?"

At this, the spirit became most violent, and Mrs. Wickland writhed on the floor. In great anguish, the voice begged Dr. Wickland to intercede for Thaw, and swore that he was not responsible for his death. White said that he bore animus against none, and that he believed the spirits had done rightly in avenging themselves on him.

The Wicklands continued their investigation of the strange affair, and a little later another spirit took possession of Mrs. Wickland, who is one of the most famous mediums in America. This time the spirit was that of a man who claimed that his daughter had been wronged by White, and that he had used Harry Thaw as the instrument through which he wreaked his vengeance. The story was a long and terrible one, and I shall leave the reader to judge as to its merits.

It must be remembered that the Wicklands scrupulously avoided inquiring into the lives of White and Thaw until such time as they had completed their psychic contacts. They were convinced that if they continued they would eventually learn the whole story of the White murder.

The spirit who now took possession of Mrs. Wickland was a semi-literate man of the lower middle classes. He told Dr. Wickland in answer to carefully worded questions that he had a very beautiful daughter who had met Stamford White in New York. White had found her employment and afterwards installed her in an apartment as his mistress. Later it became apparent that White had made many similar conquests,

but few were fraught with the stark tragedy that edged this particular affair.

For a long time the girl was very happy, and although her parents begged her to return to them, she decided to live on as White's mistress, and enjoy the good things which he lavished upon her. Even the serious illness of her father could not bring her home, and for weeks she was in ignorance of his death. When she did learn of it, she was naturally considerably upset, and from that day White's interest in her seemed to wane. He became less and less generous, and finally she was turned out on the streets, with the knowledge that she was shortly to become a mother. In a last desperate attempt to secure his pity, the unhappy woman went to White to tell him of her condition. She could not get past his manservants, and in utter despair committed suicide.

A long séance ensued, and finally the spirit of a famous author appeared to speak to the Wicklands through the medium. The voice was indignant when told the object of the séance, and it was only with great persuasion that the questioner got the spirit to stay. In angry tones, the voice said that practically everyone in the spirit world was not only opposed to vengeance, but that murdered people were only too anxious to forgive their slayers. It went on to say that the victim of the crime which Stanford White so sordidly had committed against her had not wanted to see him die. In fact, the voice went on, her only concern—before his death—had been that he should not worry too much about his offense against her: she hated to think that, while she was so happy in the spirit world, he should be tortured by conscience on earth.

You may think that this story rather contradicts that told Dr. Wickland by the girl's father. On the contrary, the spirits which supposedly gained possession of Harry Thaw and hounded White to his death were evil spirits, and spiritualists are very definite on this point. There are many cases in existence where evil spirits have taken control of a person to his undoing, but in others spiritualists, when consulted in time, have managed to exorcise the evil one, and the earthly victim has suffered no further.

A police officer who had been invited to be present (and who—until that time—had known nothing of spiritualist beliefs) remarked that many attempts have been made in continental countries to get in touch with spirits for detection purposes, and sometimes the results have led to arrest and punishment. For a long time the German police have unofficially sought psychic aid in unravelling crimes, and it is a reasonable assumption that some suspects have been found guilty and punished on information supplied through the spirit medium.

The reader, of course, is probably well aware that Scotland Yard does not encourage clairvoyant aid in an effort to clear up some unusually baffling mystery. Unfortunately the powers that be are very much against this form of detective work, for the reasons I shall give below.

In the first place, it must be remembered that clairvoyancy is still illegal in England, and that there are in existence statutes under which people practicing the art may be severely punished. When one considers the services rendered by mediums and clairvoyants, and their contributions to psychological research, this may appear somewhat unfair. It should be borne in mind,

however, that clairvoyancy offers many lucrative opportunities to professional crooks, and that more than one criminal nest has been feathered with the proceeds of pseudo-fortune telling. In such circumstances, therefore, the Home Office can scarcely be expected to allow their representatives to patronize illegal institutions.

The German authorities are more broad-minded, and if they believe that there is the slightest chance of securing information vital to the conviction of a murderer, they are quite ready to consult clairvoyants. Of course, the clairvoyant's statement could not possibly be admitted in court, but he or she may supply the authorities with clues which, followed up, may produce the necessary evidence.

In this connection, Sir Arthur Conan Doyle's remarkable letter to the *Morning Post* in connection with the disappearance of the famous novelist, Mrs. Agatha Christie, is of interest. It will be remembered that Mrs. Christie disappeared suddenly, and grave fears were entertained for her safety. Sir Arthur Conan Doyle approached a well-known psychometrist, and handed him a gauntlet glove owned by the missing novelist. He handled the glove and announced that the wearer would be found.

In the letter, which I quote in full below, it will be noticed that Sir Arthur recognizes the potential value of psychic aid. The letter reads:

"To the Editor of the *Morning Post*.

Sir,

The Christie case has afforded an excellent example of the uses of psychometry as an aid to the detective. It is, it must be admitted, a power which is elusive and uncertain but occasionally it is re-

markable in its efficiency. It is often used by the French and German police, but if it is even employed by our own it must be *sub rosa*, for it is difficult for them to call upon the very powers which the law compels them to persecute.

"In this case I obtained a glove of Mrs. Christie's, and asked an excellent psychometrist for an opinion. I gave him no clue at all as to what I wanted or to whom the article belonged. He never saw it until I laid it on the table at the moment of consultation, and there was nothing to connect either it or me with the Christie case. The date was Sunday last. He at once got the name of Agatha. 'There is trouble connected with this article. The person who owns it is half dazed and half purposeful. She is not dead, as many think, she is alive. You will hear of her, I think, next Wednesday.'

"Mrs. Christie was found on Tuesday night, but it was actually Wednesday when the news reached us, so that everything in the reading, so far as I could test it (there was a good deal about character and motives which was outside my knowledge), proved to be true. The only error was that he had an impression of water, though whether the idea of a Hydro was at the bottom of this feeling is at least arguable. I sent the report on to Colonel Christie that evening.

Arthur Conan Doyle"

CHAPTER FIFTEEN

A Ghostly Murder

A fairly recent spontaneous case of an unwanted and unexpected encounter with ghostly murder is reported by an English woman of high repute. Her report follows.

"Some years ago, I had occasion to pass a night in one of the big West End hotels of London. It was very full, and I had to be content with a very indifferent room on the main entrance floor, and looking to the back. The window had iron bars in front of it, through which one could slip one's head, but not one's shoulders. The reason for the bars was obvious. A wide mews ran on a level with this floor of the house, and failing this obstruction anyone could have stepped with perfect ease from the pavement into the room.

Thrusting my head through the bars I could see from end to end of the mews. On the left there was no exit, on the right was a narrow lane running down the side of the hotel, and leading into the main thoroughfare. The mews seemed very quiet, clean and respectable, and for one night only I decided that the

room would do. I was very tired after passing two nights in a train, and went early to bed and fell asleep at once.

I ascertained afterwards that I had been sleeping for five hours, when I was suddenly awakened by a loud noise of scuffling feet, accompanied by a gurgling, choking sound, as if some one was struggling to find utterance, to gain breath.

To be awakened by a noise out of a sound sleep is always a startling, uncomfortable experience. If the astral body has been wandering far afield, it has to return to the physical body in far too great a hurry for comfort. There is always more or less of a dislocating jar under such circumstances. The startled sensation is greatly accentuated when, in place of waking to dead silence, one awakens to unaccountable and very unpleasant sounds.

I lay perfectly still, with every nerve tingling, and every muscle taut, and listened intently. The noise came from the window which was shut, and my heart began to beat more thickly with a dread and terror which had neither form nor shape. Slowly I remembered the mews outside, and felt instantly thankful that because of its proximity I had shut the window, instead of sleeping with it wide open, as is my custom.

Was murder taking place out there? What was that hideous, choking sound, that surged in with guttural gasps from out the darkness, and which suggested nothing so much as a frenzied struggle of loathing and agonized fear?

I lay shuddering and quaking as with the grip of ague. My imagination instantly constructed the scene so vividly suggested by the nature of the sounds. A man's hands were on the throat of a woman, and he

was deliberately strangling the life out of her struggling body. I was sick with unspeakable agonies of dread, and for quite five minutes I could not summon force or motion to my limbs.

If some unfortunate was being done to death it was clearly my duty to run to the window and give the alarm by shrieking "murder," but now I began to wonder if that awful struggle was taking place outside or just inside my room. Though the mews was well lit my blind was drawn down, and the room was in darkness, except for a faint reflection shining in from a street lamp. I had only to stretch out my hand in order to switch on a light above my bed, but a paralysis of fear held me.

That noise of infinite pain, of frantic, dying agony, those convulsive, ghastly groans and scuffling of feet, and wrestling, writhing bodies, were spell-binding beyond the power of human conception, and the most awe-inspiring fantasy. I tried to reason with myself, but the horror scattered all reasoning, yet a sense of duty, of natural humanity, and anger with my own fears, kept tugging at me. It seemed as if the sounds were losing force, were beginning to die out. I was lying still in abject terror, whilst a fellow-creature was being deliberately done to death.

A blind fury with myself, and the murderer, suddenly superseded fear. Without turning on the light I jumped out of bed, and knocking up against the furniture in my haste, I dashed towards the faint light coming in from the street. In another moment I had thrust aside the blind, and thrown the window wide. I know I shouted out something; I have no idea what. I thrust my head out between the iron bars, and looked to right and left. I could see absolutely nothing. The

street was quite empty, and so well lit that I could see from end to end of it.

I drew in my head, and stood there silently, and quivering still with excitement, as one does when awakened with the broken fragments of an evil dream.

Then, suddenly, a sensation of bristling fear took possession of me once more, unreasoning and unreasonable fear, clutching at my heart with a grip of ice. The noise had not ceased, it continued more faintly, and it came from a corner of my room to the right of the window. Murder had been done in the room in which I now stood, and was being re-enacted now. The certainty rushed on me with the force of a whirlwind.

I was dimly conscious of human voices in the mews, of a window being thrown open. My cry had awakened other sleepers. I left my window open, and let the blind fall before it. Then I crept softly across to the opposite side of the room, whence the dying sound proceeded. The victim was almost dead. I could hear nothing but a gasping, rattling sigh, and then silence. The silence of death.

I was roused from my trance of horror by the measured tread of a policeman outside. I heard him speaking with others, then, seeing nothing to account for the disturbance in the mews, he went away again, and I fell asleep from utter mental exhaustion.

When I awoke the sun was in the room, and I looked towards the corner where the tragedy of the darkness had been enacted. How peaceful and innocent the room now looked, in the light of a cheerful summer morning, and how thankful I was to know that I would be far away from it in a very few hours."

CHAPTER SIXTEEN

The Case of the Beautiful Ghoul

In his detailed investigations Bernhardt Hurwood uncovered a strange story in *The Case of the Beautiful Ghoul*.

In the 1890's a terrifying story spread throughout France concerning a beautiful girl from Brittany named Constance Armand. She came from a well-to-do family, and as she approached her 20's, began to develop a peculiar interest in the occult. When she started consulting spiritualists and attending seances, her family objected strenuously, but there was nothing they could do to discourage her.

At the seances she experienced encounters with disembodied spirits of a most disturbing nature. Mme. Armand did all she could to dissuade her daughter from continuing this activity, for it was proving more disturbing every day. Constance brooded frequently, and expressed feelings of genuine loathing for the supernatural beings which she claimed were contacting her. In life, she said, they had been criminals, madmen, and even worse. Soon she was having

nightmares. Several times a week the Armand household would be awakened by her screams and be forced to listen to her descriptions of her dreams.

The family could not cope with the situation. Constance consulted a medium. The spirits she fled from in her dreams, she said, were the same that communicated with her at the seances. She said they were trying to keep her with them, to make her one of them; they were attempting to prevent her from awakening and returning to the world of the living. The medium offered no worthwhile advice. She merely said that she had no influence over such dark forces which were obviously trying to control the girl's soul.

A physician, however, recognized the problem as psychological. He recommended that Constance give up all seances, and engage in healthy activities more suited to a young woman. By now thoroughly frightened, Constance followed the doctor's counsel. She plunged into an active social life—theater, parties, and frequent excursions to resorts. All this activity helped slightly, but by now she rarely passed through a single night without experiencing at least one harrowing nightmare.

Since she was extremely beautiful, Constance was never at a loss for male company and eventually became engaged to a wealthy young man. Her family was overjoyed and began making plans for a large, gala wedding. Unfortunately, shortly before the ceremony, the mother of Constance's fiance died. Naturally everyone was terribly upset. The wedding was postponed, and funeral arrangements were made at once.

Constance appeared to be even more deeply affected than Alphonse, her fiance. The day before the funeral

she retired to her room shortly after the midday meal, complaining that she felt slightly ill, but that it was nothing serious, and that all she needed was a short nap.

Two hours later her mother heard what sounded like unfamiliar footsteps coming from her daughter's room. She rushed out into the upstairs hallway to investigate and was greeted by an alarming sight. It was no stranger. Constance was descending the staircase, but it was a peculiar Constance. There was something odd about her walk, her facial expression. Her eyes seemed glazed and her mouth appeared thin and hard rather than full and soft as it ordinarily did. She appeared to be almost in a trance; yet, she moved with a positive determination. Her mother was disturbed, especially when she saw her daughter head for the front door, then leave without saying a word, or looking back. She had never done anything like this before.

After an hour or so when Constance did not return, both parents grew increasingly alarmed. When she failed to show up for dinner, and was still absent at bedtime, they decided to notify the authorities. Just as they were about to dispatch a servant, the doorbell began ringing violently. It was Alphonse. He was pale, anguished, and panting for breath.

"Did you find her?" demanded Monsieur Armand, grabbing the young man by the arm.

"Let me have some cognac first, he whispered hoarsely.

Dropping into an easy chair, he buried his head in his hands and began sobbing. Expecting the worst, both of the Armands fought back the tears as best they could. They handed the trembling Alphonse a tum-

bler half-filled with cognac, and Monsieur Armand said,

"For God's sake, man, tell us what's happened!"

Alphonse drained the cognac in a single gulp. Then, getting a grip on himself, he told his story.

He, too, he said, had become worried when he learned of the strange behavior and disappearance of his fiance. When one of the Armand servants came late in the evening, and asked him if he would join the search for her, he agreed at once. He was upset enough, preparing for his mother's funeral. Now this. It was almost more than he could bear. To go out and do something, at least, would relieve him of such a helpless feeling.

He was about to leave the house when his valet came running into the room, horror-stricken. He begged his master to come immediately to the room where his mother lay in state, and, without questioning him, Alphonse followed the agitated valet upstairs. He would have rushed into the room, but the valet grabbed his arm and said,

"Stop, monsieur! Listen at the door first."

Alphonse placed his ear to the door. What he heard made no sense at all—a crunching, gnawing sound followed by a long occasional rustle and swish of what might be a long, silken gown. He jumped to his feet and asked the terrified valet if he had been in the room. The fellow closed his eyes, crossed himself, and shook his head numbly.

With that Alphonse turned, ran downstairs, called the rest of the servants, who armed themselves with canes, umbrellas, lanterns. They followed him back up, threw the door open and dashed in. The sight that met their eyes was almost too hideous for Al-

phonse to describe. The lid had been removed from the coffin, the body of his mother taken out and dragged to a corner where it lay sprawled in a disarrayed heap. Squatting over it, with a piece of partially gnawed bone in one hand, was Constance Armand. At the intrusion she leaped to her feet, growling like an animal. Then, rushing forward, she attacked one of the maids, and before anyone could recover from the shock, fled from the room. By the time they had gathered their wits sufficiently to give chase, the girl had vanished.

When Alphonse finished his narrative, the stunned Monsieur Armand notified the police. A general search was launched at once, and finally, after many hours, Constance was found in a nearby cemetery, frantically digging bare-handed at a fresh grave. Once again she was interrupted. This time, instead of charging directly into the ranks of her pursuers, she ran away. They continued to chase her, keeping her in sight nearly the whole time. Later, she was cornered at the bank of a river. As the police closed in she glared at them and bared her teeth, backing up as they drew nearer. Suddenly the earth gave away beneath her feet. She screamed, fell over backwards into the water, and in an instant was carried off by the current.

CHAPTER SEVENTEEN

The Ghostly Werewolf of Merionethshire

The British Isles abound with strange tales of inexplicable encounters with the supernatural. Often these weird meetings are reported by persons who have never been interested in such things, and who, before their face-to-face confrontations with the unknown, were confirmed disbelievers.

Whether it has been their skepticism which has enabled them to survive and describe their experiences, or merely their refusal to panic, is difficult to say. Perhaps they were never in any danger at all. Typical of such bizarre encounters was the experience of a thoroughly unsuperstitious woman over 50 years ago.

The lady, a Miss St. Denis, was visiting a country farm in a remote district where she had gone to do some sketching and painting. The village railway station, not far from the farm, was one of her favorite places to work. It was empty most of the time because the trains ran infrequently. Besides, it afforded from its platform one of the best views in the entire area.

One afternoon she became so absorbed in her work

that she did not realize until it was quite late that dusk was falling. She put away her materials, folded her campstool, and was preparing to leave when she noticed the figure of what appeared to be a man sitting on a small truck some distance away on the platform. He was in the shadows which made it difficult to see him clearly. He was not the stationmaster. That she knew at once. What disturbed her slightly was that the figure sat motionlessly, staring at her.

The general area was a bleak one at best, especially towards nightfall. Nearby was an abandoned slate quarry, gray, gloomy, and half-filled with stagnant water. All around were gnarled, sickly trees. Otherwise there was no vegetation at all, just loose rocks and bare, jagged precipices. The only signs of civilization were the silent railroad tracks and the tiny, now empty station.

Unable to rid herself of an uncomfortable creepy feeling at the back of her neck—as though the stranger's eyes were piercing through her clothes—Miss St. Denis coughed self consciously. There was not another sound. Since she was not a timorous sort of person, she decided to take the offensive, as it were, by challenging the fellow. Calling out in the direction of the motionless figure she said,

"Would you please tell me what time it is?"

Silence. He just sat there staring at her. It was even harder to see now, for night was approaching rapidly. Satisfied that he was not going to make any sudden moves, she gathered up her belongings. Although she was still a bit apprehensive, she pretended to be completely unconcerned, and walked off. She could hear nothing, but still had the unmistakable feeling that she was being followed. Taking a quick look back,

she saw to her alarm that the peculiar figure was trailing her by only a few paces.

Her heart began pounding rapidly, but she would not allow herself to panic. She began walking faster, fully aware that any moment now she would be reaching the remotest section of the path which wound along a narrow rise with fairly high, rocky cliffs on both sides. A person could scream his lungs out here and never be heard.

Once again she made up her mind to take control of the situation before it could get out of hand. Mustering up all the nerve she could, Miss St. Denis whirled about, stood firm, and called out angrily,

"Who are you? What the devil do you want . . .?"

She stopped in mid-sentence. In the last fading glimmer of light she caught her first clear glimpse of the mysterious figure which was now closing in on her. It was utterly inhuman, although it walked erect like a man. Tall, covered with shaggy gray fur, it had the head of a wolf with its muzzle open revealing two rows of long, white fangs. The eyes blazed fearfully, and as it approached, it crouched to spring. Instinctively she reached in her pocket for the only object even remotely resembling a weapon—a flashlight. Brandishing it in the creature's face, she snapped on the beam. The thing stopped dead in its tracks, cringed, and covered its eyes with its paws, then *disappeared* completely.

The rest of her trip back to the farm was completely uneventful. Naturally, the next day Miss St. Denis asked a number of questions relating to her hair-raising experience the night before. The only answer at all satisfying was that some time before, a strange skel-

eton had been found in a nearby quarry. The bones had been described as seeming to be part animal, part human. As reluctant as she was to accept it, her only conclusion was that she had seen a ghostly werewolf.

CHAPTER EIGHTEEN

Persisting Legends of the Headless Body

One of the strangest and most ubiquitous of ghost stories is the one about the headless body. This particular type of legend has somewhat gone out of fashion generally, yet it persists with an uncanny strength in the Scottish Highlands:

At the shore and forming part of the boundary between North and South Morar, on the west coast of Inverness-shire there is a large rocky mound which was long the cause of terror in the district. At the base of the mound a road can be taken along the shore when the tide is out. No one, however, taking it alone after nightfall, lived to tell the tale. His remains were found next day among the large boulder stones, of which the shore is full, mangled, and bearing traces of a ghastly and unnatural death. Persons who had the second sight looking over the rocks that overhang the shore said they saw a phantom or "something" haunting the place, having the shape of a headless human figure. Macdonall of South Morar, whose house was not far from the scene of the Headless Body's vio-

lence, unexpectedly became the means of expelling it from its haunt. He was one winter evening unexpectedly visited by a friend. He had no one to send to Bracara across the river, to invite some more friends to come and join in the entertainment of his guest but his son and heir, then about 18 years of age. He strictly enjoined the youth not to return that night unless men came with him, for fear of the Headless Body. The young man did not find the friends he was sent for at home, and with temerity natural to his years came back alone. The Body met him and killed him, and in the morning were found traces of a fearful struggle, large stones displaced and clots of blood, as if the youth had put out his heart's blood. Macdonall made a solemn vow neither to eat nor drink till he avenged his son's death. All that evening his friends tried to persuade him to remain at home, but to no purpose. The Headless Body never appeared but to those who passed its way alone, and the chief's friends had to return while he went on unaccompanied to the haunted rocks. The Body came out and said, "You have come to take your son's ransom; take counsel, and go home." To this the chief replied by clasping his arms round the hated apparition. A furious struggle commenced, and to this day the stones may be seen which were rolled out of their way in the dread encounter. At last the strong and fearless chief got the Headless Body under, and drew his dirk to stab it. The Body cried, "Hold your hand, Macdonall, touch me not with the iron and while there is one within the twentieth degree related to you in Morar, I will not again be seen."

When this story was heard some years ago, there were only two alive within this relationship to the

ancient chief, one a harmless idiot, the other a poor woman in Fort William. One or the other of them must be still alive, for the Headless Ghost has not yet made its reappearance. The person from whom it was heard was a firm believer in its truth, and in his youth, half a century ago, was well acquainted with the district in which the events were said to have occurred.

Another of the most widely known and most popular stories in the Highlands is The Grey Paw.

In the big church of Beaul, mysterious and unearthly sights and sounds were seen and heard at night, and none who went to watch the churchyard or burial-places within the church ever came back alive. A courageous tailor made light of the matter and laid a wager that he would go any night, and sew a pair of hose in the haunted church. He went and began his task. The light of the full moon streamed in through the windows, and at first all was silent and natural. At the dead hour of midnight, however, a big ghastly head emerged from a tomb and said, "Look at the old grey cow that is without food, tailor." The tailor answered, "I see that and I sew this," and soon found that while he spoke the ghost was stationary, but when he drew breath it rose higher. The neck emerged and said, "A long grizzled weasand that is without food, tailor." The tailor went on with his work in fear, but answered, "I see it, my son, I see it, my son, I see that and I sew this just now." This he said drawling out his words to their utmost length. At last his voice failed and he inhaled a long breath. The ghost rose higher and said, "A long grey arm that is without flesh or food, tailor." The trembling tailor went on with his work and answered, "I see it, my son, I see it,

my son; I see that and I sew this just now." Next breath the thigh came up and the ghastly apparition said, "A long crooked shank that is without meat, tailor." "I see it, my son, I see it, my son; I see that and I sew this just now." The long foodless and fleshless arm was now stretched in the direction of the tailor. "A long grey paw, without blood or flesh, or muscles, or meat, tailor" The tailor was near done with his work and answered, "I see it, my son, I see it, my son; I see that and I sew this just now," while with a trembling heart he proceeded with his work. At last he had to draw breath, and the ghost, spreading out its long and bony fingers and clutching the air in front of him, said, "A big grey claw that is without meat, tailor." At that moment the last stitch was put in the hose, and the tailor gave one spring of horror to the door. The claw struck at him and the point of the fingers caught him by the bottom against the door-post and took away the piece. The mark of the hand remains on the door to this day. The tailor's flesh shook and quivered with terror, and he could cut grass with his haunches as he flew home.

CHAPTER NINETEEN

The Death of Lord Tyrone

Lord Tyrone and Lady Beresford were born in Ireland. Being orphaned in their infancy they were left to the care of a guardian who brought them up in the principles of Deism. He died when they were both about fourteen, and although his successor made every possible endeavor to eradicate the erroneous principles they had imbibed, it was all in vain. No argument could move them from the faith they had acquired in their childhood. Although now separated from each other, their affection was unchanged and after some years they made a mutual and solemn promise that whichever of them should be the first to die would, if permitted, appear to the other and declare what was the true religion.

Soon afterwards Lady Beresford married Sir Marc. She still saw a good deal of her brother, with whom she frequently exchanged visits.

Shortly after one of these visits Sir Marcus observed one morning, when his wife came down to breakfast, that she was very pale and that her face car-

ried evident marks of terror and confusion. He asked anxiously after her health and she assured him that she was perfectly well. He begged to be told if anything had occurred to distress her and she replied, "No, no. I am as well as usual."

"Have you hurt your wrist?" he asked, noticing that a black ribbon was bound round it. "Have you sprained it?"

She replied that nothing had happened, but added: "Let me beg you, Sir Marcus, never to enquire the cause of my wearing this ribbon. You will never again see me without it. If it concerned you as a husband to know why I wear it I would tell you. I never in my life denied you a request, but about this I must entreat you to forgive my silence and never to urge me again on the subject."

"Very well, my lady," replied Sir Marcus, smiling. "Since you so earnestly desire it, I will ask no more."

There the conversation rested, but breakfast was scarcely over when Lady Beresford eagerly asked if the post had come in. She was told that it had not. A few minutes later she again rang the bell for her servant and repeated the question. Once more she was told that the post had not arrived.

"Do you expect any letters," asked Sir Marcus, "that you are so anxious about the arrival of the post?"

"I do," she answered. "I expect to hear that Lord Tyrone is dead; that he died last Tuesday at four o'clock."

"I never in my life," said Sir Marcus, "believed you to be superstitious, but you must have had some idle dream which has alarmed and terrified you."

At that instant the servant opened the door and delivered a letter sealed with black.

"It is as I expected," exclaimed Lady Beresford; "he is dead."

Sir Marcus opened the letter. It was from the steward of Lord Tyrone and contained the melancholy intelligence that his master had died on the previous Tuesday at the very hour specified by Lady Beresford. Sir Marcus begged her to compose herself and to try as much as lay in her power not to make herself unhappy. She assured him, however, that she felt much easier in her mind than she had done for some time. She added, "I can tell you something which I know will prove welcome to you. I can assure you beyond the possibility of a doubt that I am now with child of a son."

Sir Marcus received this information with the pleasure that might be expected, expressing in the strongest terms the happiness he would derive from an event which he had so ardently desired.

After a period of some months Lady Beresford, who had previously had two daughters, was delivered of a son, whom his father survived by little more than four years.

On Sir Marcus's death Lady Beresford went very little from the house. The only family she visited was that of a clergyman, who lived in the same village. She devoted the rest of her time entirely to solitude, as though determined to avoid all human society.

The clergyman's family consisted of himself, his wife and one son, who at Sir Marcus's death was quite a youth. Nevertheless, after a few years of widowhood, Lady Beresford astonished the neighborhood by marrying this young man, in spite of the disparity in years and rank. The outcome of the marriage justified the gloomy expectations of her neighbors. She was

treated by her young husband with contempt and cruelty, his conduct being that of an abandoned libertine, destitute of every virtue and human feeling. After bearing him two daughters, Lady Beresford was so estranged by his profligate conduct that she insisted upon a separation. They parted for several years when, on his expressing his deep contrition for his former misconduct, she consented to pardon him and once more to reside with him. After some time she bore him a son.

On the day on which she had lain-in a month, being the anniversary of her birthday, she sent for Lady Betty Cobb and a few other friends, asking them to spend the day with her. About noon the clergyman by whom she had been baptised came into her room to inquire after her health. She told him she felt perfectly well and requested him to spend the day with her. "For," she said, "I am forty-eight today."

"No, my lady," replied the clergyman, "you are mistaken. Your mother and I had many disputes about your age and I at length discovered that I was right. Happening to go last week into the parish where you were born, I searched the register and find that you are only forty-seven today."

"You have signed my death warrant," said Lady Beresford. "I have not much longer to live and must entreat you to leave me at once as I have something of importance to settle before I die."

When the clergyman had left, Lady Beresford sent word to put off her friends, but asked Lady Betty Cobb, and her own son, by Sir Marcus, then about twelve years old, to come to her room. Immediately upon their arrival, having ordered her attendants to leave, she said:

"I have something of the utmost confidence to impart to both of you before I die, a period which is not far distant. You, Lady Betty, are no stranger to the close affection which existed between Lord Tyrone and myself. We were educated under the same roof and in the same principles, those of Deism. When our later guardian tried to persuade us of the error of our belief, his arguments, though insufficient to convince us, left us wavering between two opinions. In this perplexing state we promised each other that whichever of us should die first would, if permitted by the Almighty, appear to the other to declare what religion was most acceptable to Him.

"One night, when Sir Marcus and I were in bed, I awoke to discover Lord Tyrone sitting by my side. I screamed and tried to wake Sir Marcus. 'For Heaven's sake,' I said, 'by what means and for what purpose have you come here at this time of night?' 'Have you forgotten our promise?' he replied. 'I died last Tuesday at four o'clock and have been permitted to appear to you to assure you that revealed religion is the true and only religion by which we can be saved. I am further permitted to inform you that you are with child of a son who, it is decreed, shall marry my daughter; that not many years after the birth of this son Sir Marcus will die; that you will then marry again and that your second husband will make you miserable by his ill-treatment. You will bring him two daughters and afterwards a son, in childbed with whom you will die in the forty-seventh year of your age.' 'Just Heaven,' I exclaimed, 'cannot I prevent this?' 'Undoubtedly you can,' he replied; 'you are a free agent and may prevent it all by resisting any temptation to a second marriage, but your passions are strong. Hith-

erto you have had not trials and do not know their power. More I am not permitted to tell you, but if, after this warning, you persist in infidelity your lot in another world will be miserable indeed.' 'May I not ask,' I said, 'if you are happy?' 'Had it been otherwise,' he replied, 'I should not have been permitted to appear to you.' 'I may then infer that you are happy.' He smiled. 'But how,' I asked, 'when morning comes, shall I be convinced that your appearance has been real and is not the mere phantom of my imagination?' 'Will not the news of my death,' he said, 'be sufficient to convince you?' 'No,' I answered, 'I might have had such a dream and that dream might accidentally have come to pass. I wish to have some stronger proof of its reality.' 'You shall,' he said. Then, waving his hand, the bedcurtains, which were of crimson velvet, were instantly drawn through a large iron hook by which the tester of the bed, which was of an oval form, was suspended. 'Now,' he said, 'you cannot be mistaken. No mortal arm could have done that.' 'True,' I replied, 'but sleeping we are often possessed of far greater strength than waking. Awake, I could not have done it, asleep, I might; and therefore I shall still doubt.' He then said, 'You have a pocket book here in which I shall write. You know my handwriting?' I replied, 'Yes.' He then wrote with a pencil on one of the leaves. 'Still,' I objected, 'in the morning I may doubt. When awake I cannot imitate your handwriting, but asleep it is possible that I might.' 'You are hard of belief,' he said. 'I must not touch you, for that would injure you irreparably.' 'I do not mind a small blemish,' I replied. 'You are a woman of courage,' he said. 'Hold out your hand.' I did so. He touched my wrist with a hand as cold as marble, and in

a moment the sinews were shrunk up with every nerve with them. 'Now,' he adjured me, 'let no mortal eye while you live behold that wrist. To see it would be sacrilege.' He was silent, and when I turned to him again he was gone.

"During the time I was conversing with him I was perfectly calm and collected, but the moment he was gone I felt filled with horror. A cold sweat came over me and I endeavoured, but in vain, to wake Sir Marcus. In this state of agitation and horror I lay for some time, when a shower of tears came to my relief. In the morning Sir Marcus rose and dressed himself as usual, without noticing the state in which the bed curtains remained. When I awoke I found he had gone down. I arose and putting on my clothes went into the gallery adjoining our apartment. I found there a long broom such as in large houses is frequently used for sweeping the cornices, and with the help of it I took down (though not without difficulty) the curtains, the extraordinary position of which would have excited wonder among the servants and occasioned such enquiries as I wished to avoid. I then went to my bureau, locked up the pocket book, and took out a piece of black ribbon which I bound round my wrist. When I came down Sir Marcus observed my agitation and enquired the cause. I assured him that I was well, but that Lord Tyrone was dead, and that he had died on the preceding Tuesday at the hour of four. At the same time. I begged Sir Marcus to refrain from all enquiries concerning the black ribbon he noticed on my wrist. He kindly desisted from further importunities, nor did he ever after ask its cause.

"You, my son, as was foretold, I afterwards brought into the world, and in little more than four years

after your birth your lamented father died in my arms. After this melancholy event, I determined (as the only way in which I might avoid the dreadful sequel predicted) forever to abandon all society and to pass the remainder of my days in solitude. Few, however, can endure to remain for long in a perfect seclusion. I was on terms of intimacy with one family and one only, nor could I then see what fatal consequences were to result from this. Little did I imagine that their son, then a mere youth, was the person destined by Fate to prove my undoing. In a few years I ceased to regard him with indifference. I tried by every possible means to conquer a passion the fatal consequences of which, if yielded to, I knew too well, and fondly imagined I had overcome its influence, when one evening my fortitude broke down and I was plunged into that abyss I had so long been trying to shun. He had often asked his parents for leave to go into the Army, and having at length obtained their permission, came to bid me farewell before his departure. The moment he entered the room he fell upon his knees at my feet, telling me that he was miserable and that I alone was the cause. At that instant my fortitude forsook me and I gave myself up for lost, believing my fate to be inevitable. I thereupon consented to a union which I knew could only result in the greatest unhappiness.

"The conduct of my husband after a few years had passed, amply warranted my demand for a separation, but, won over by reiterated entreaties, I was at last prevailed upon to pardon and once more reside with him. This, however, was not until I had, as I imagined, passed my forty-seventh year. But today I have heard on indisputable authority that I have been

mistaken about my age and that I am now only forty-seven. I therefore, entertain not the least doubt of the near approach of my death. When that day comes since the necessity for concealment will be over, I wish you, Lady Betty, to unbind my wrist and to take from it the black ribbon, so that you and my son may witness the truth of what I have related."

At this point Lady Beresford paused for some moments, but resuming her conversation entreated her son to behave in such a way as to deserve the honor he would in future receive from his union with Lord Tyrone's daughter. Lady Beresford then expressed a wish to lie down on the bed and compose herself to sleep. Lady Betty Cobb and her son immediately called her attendants and quitted the room, having first desired them attentively to watch their mistress, and, should they observe any change in her, to call them instantly. For an hour all was silent within the room. Then a bell rang violently. Lady Betty and the boy ran upstairs, but before they could reach the door of the room they heard one of the servants exclaim: "Oh, she is dead. My mistress is dead!"

Lady Betty then told the servants to go out, and she and the boy approached the bed and knelt down by the side of it. They lifted up Lady Beresford's hand, unbound the ribbon and found the wrist exactly as she had described it, with every nerve withered and every sinew shrunk.

As had been predicted, Lady Beresford's son is now married to the daughter of Lord Tyrone. The black ribbon and the pocket book are in the possession of Lady Betty Cobb, by whom the above narrative has been given. She and the Tyrone family will be found ready to attest to the truth of what has been recorded.

CHAPTER TWENTY

Trance Mediums

More than any other type of psychic individual, the trance medium, who has been made so notorious in weird novels about séances, can be said to possess the greatest number of divergent and remarkable characteristics.

The nineteenth century was, for some inexplicable reason, an age of mediums. There were numerous individuals throughout the 1800's who claimed to have supernormal abilities. Partially in response to these assertions, The British Society for Psychical Research was founded in 1882 to investigate these remarkable individuals. One of the greatest battles between the eminent men of science in the S.P.R. and the host of mediums was caused by the startling mediumship of D. D. Home.

Home's mediumship produced a broad spectrum of phenomena only two aspects of which will be discussed here.

Among the many amazing phenomena which numerous credible and indeed eminent, witnesses assert

that they have seen in connection with D. D. Home, is that of his levitation or floating in air, like the miracle recorded of St. Teresa and others in still more remote times. As late as 1760, Lord Elcho states that he heard, when in Rome, witnesses swear to the levitation of a holy man about to be canonized. The same fact is recorded, Mr. A. Lang tells us, in Buddhist and Neoplatonic writings and later among the Red Indians, and in Tonkin, where in 1730 a Jesuit priest asserted he saw this phenomenon, which he describes.

In 1871 the Master of Lindsay (the late Lord Crawford and Balcarres, F.R.S.) gave the following evidence, which was corroborated by the two other spectators, the late Earl of Dunraven (then Lord Adare) and Captain Wynne:

"I was sitting on December 16th, 1868, in Lord Adare's rooms in Ashley Place, London, S.W., with Mr. Home and Lord Adare and a cousin of his. During the sitting, Mr. Home went into a trance, and in that state was carried out of the window in the room next to where we were, and was brought in at our window. The distance between the windows was about seven feet, six inches, and there was not the slightest foothold between them, nor was there more than a twelve-inch projection to each window, which served as a ledge to put flowers on. We heard the window in the next room lifted up, and almost immediately after we saw Home floating in the air outside our window. The moon was shining full into the room; my back was to the light, and I saw the shadow on the wall of the window sill, and Home's feet about six inches above it. He remained in this position for a few seconds, then raised the window and glided into the room feet foremost and sat down.

"Lord Adare then went into the next room to look at the window from which he had been carried. It was raised about eighteen inches; and he expressed his wonder how Mr. Home had been taken through so narrow an aperture. Home said, still entranced, 'I will show you,' and then with his back to the window he leaned back and was shot out of the aperture, head first, with the body rigid, and then returned quite quietly. The window is about seventy feet from the ground. The hypothesis of a mechanical arrangement of ropes of supports outside has been suggested, but does not cover the facts as described."

In an article in the *Contemporary Review* for January, 1876, Dr. Carpenter, the eminent physiologist, commenting on the foregoing said it illustrates how differently a believer and a sceptic view the same incident: "A whole party of believers will say they saw Mr. Home float out of one window and in at another, while a single honest sceptic declares Mr. Home was sitting in his chair all the time." As the only person present whose testimony was not published was Captain Wynne, he was written to, and when asked if he had contradicted Lord Crawford's statement, he replied: "The fact of Mr. Home having gone out of one window and in at another I can swear to: anyone who knows me would not for a moment say I was a victim to hallucination or any other humbug of the kind."

One naturally supposes, however, that the witnesses must have been mistaken, or suffering from some excitement or hallucination of the senses. But it is not easy to suppose that three educated men, to whom nothing was said beforehand of what they might expect to see, could all have been hallucinated exactly

in the same way: for the accounts given by each are alike. Nor is it easy to believe that the numerous witnesses of the levitation of saints and others in past times and in different countries, knowing nothing of each other, were likewise all hallucinated; nor, as Mr. A. Lang says, is it "very easy to hold that a belief—to which the collective evidence is so large and universal, as the belief in levitation—was caused by a series of saints, sorcerers and others, thrusting their head and shoulders out of a window where the observers could not see them, as one sceptic has suggested."

Another singular phenomenon reported in connection with Home, as bizarre as it is unaccountable, is the enormous elongation of his body, which sometimes occurred when he was in a trance. The numerous witnesses to this took every precaution to prevent themselves being deceived and they are unanimous in their statement that this amazing phenomenon actually occurred. The late General Boldero, when Home was staying with him in Scotland, saw this occur several times, took exact measurements and was assured that neither deception nor hallucination were possible. The Neo-Platonists report that a similar thing occurred in their day to certain 'possessed' men.

Bewildering and inconceivable as were some of the phenomena associated with Home's mediumship they were not all unparalleled. For the Reverend Strainton Moses, another famous nineteenth century medium experienced levitation no less than ten times.

Another remarkable thing about Home was that he appeared to be uninjured by fire. Many persons in many ages, are said to have handled or walked through fire, not only without suffering pain, but without

lesion of the skin. Iamblichus mentions this as among the peculiarities of his 'possessed' men; and there is evidence for such feats in classical times. Modern travellers, officials, missionaries and others have brought back photographs (imperfect evidence though they be) of the performance in India, Fiji, Bulgaria, Trinidad, the Straits Settlements, and many other places. To hold glowing coals in his hand, and to communicate the power of doing so to others, was in Home's repertoire. Lord Crawford saw it done on eight occasions, and himself received from Home's hand the glowing coal unharmed. Some experimenters, however, bore for many years the blisters received in the process. A noble laureate in chemistry, Sir W. Crooke's evidence is most significant. He reports: "At Mr. Home's request, while he was entranced I went with him to the fireplace in the back drawing room. He [the influence controlling Home] said: 'We want you to notice particularly what Dan [i.e., Home] is doing.' Accordingly I stood close to the fire, and stooped down to it when he put his hands in . . . Mr. Home then waved his handkerchief about in the air two or three times, held it above his head, and then folded it up and laid it on his hand like a cushion. Putting his other hand into the fire, he took out a large lump of cinder, red-hot at the lower part, and placed the red part on the handkerchief. Under ordinary circumstances it would have been in a blaze. In about half a minute he took it off the handkerchief with his hand, saying, 'As the power is not strong, if we leave the coal longer it will burn.' He then put it on his hand, and brought it to the table in the front room, where all but myself had remained seated."

Not only have we Sir W. Crookes' evidence, but a former President of the Royal Society, the late Sir W. Huggins, O.M., witnessed the same feat with Home and gave a detailed account of it. So also did Mr. S. C. Hall, who was present on another occasion, when a white-hot coal was put on his head and his white hair gathered over it, but he reported he felt no heat and his hair was wholly uninjured.

Various other eye witnesses have reported that they have seen Mr. Home handle with impunity red-hot coals; among others a shrewd and able solicitor, the late Mr. W. M. Wilkinson. He states that in the winter of 1869: "I saw Mr. Home take out of our drawing room fire a red-hot coal, a little less in size than a cricket ball, and carry it up and down the room. He said to Lord Adare who was present, 'Will you take it from me? It will not hurt you.' Lord Adare took it from him and held it in his hand for about half a minute, and before he threw it back in the fire I put my hand close to it and felt the heat like that of a live coal."

It is impossible to explain this by some fire-resisting substance, surreptitiously put over the skin by Home, for Sir W. Crookes, the highest of authorities on chemistry in his time, tells us he knows of no chemical preparation that would accomplish this; moreover, he said he examined Home's hands carefully, after he had carried a live coal about and could see no burning nor any preparation over the skin which he remarks "was soft and delicate like a woman's."

Now all these phenomena are too gross and palpable to be explained by maldescription or lack of attention on the part of the observers. All attempts to explain the occurrences as due to clever conjuring

on Home's part have signally failed. Experts in conjuring whose opinions have been taken, however, little as they believe in Home's pretensions, prefer to reject the testimony wholesale rather than attempt to explain these remarkable records.

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